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# COUNTRY LIFE

VOL. LVI.—No. 1447.

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*Bertram Park.*

THE HON. DORIS HARCOURT.

*43, Dover Street, W.1.*

# COUNTRY LIFE

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## EDITORIAL NOTICE.

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## Brains versus Muscle

IT is very desirable that some of the lessons and revelations springing from the strike of porters in Covent Garden should be brought clearly before the notice of Labour men. In some quarters the tendency is to recite them as a kind of indictment of the Labour Party, but that is merely to heat the controversial air. It does not carry us much forward. The Labour Party has shown an unexpected moderation in regard to many points of difference that have arisen between them and the other parties. That, to speak frankly, was in some measure forced upon them by their position, yet that will not alter its educative effect. At any rate, in our pages the desire has always been to discuss with reason and moderation the points of difference between parties. We do not assume that they are all angels, and neither do we think of them as considerably lower than the angels. They are human beings with intellects, if they care to use them, and with the same human frailties that belong to all parties. The appeal to them is that their obstinate clamour for wages to be paid to the unskilled labourer as high as those of the highly skilled engineer, whose parents or guardians have spent hundreds of pounds in educating and fitting him for that calling, is as damaging to the working classes as to the rest of the country.

Skilled labour is no monopoly of any one class. Our system of education may still be imperfect, but it makes a very considerable effort to find out the promising youths whose parents are too poor to spend money on their schooling and who, without help, would have to do manual labour. It may be fairly assumed that these are the salt of the working classes. The proportion to the whole is greater than it used to be, but it cannot be forgotten that many of those who were the truest servants of progress started from very small beginnings. We want a Sir Jesse Collings to set forth that side of the case. He was an example of the man who starts working for a few pence a day, and by his own talent and industry becomes affluent, but never forgets the interests of the class from which he sprang. There have always been self-made men. The bearing of that on the present situation is that it has been greatly to the benefit of the working population that these exceptional men have seized their chance or had facilities opened up to them. It is, therefore, treason to them to enforce a higher standard rate of wages for muscle than for brain.

Another consideration which should be brought before them is that mechanical invention has enormously decreased the necessity for bodily toil. For nearly all departments of activity machines have been invented, and it is much easier to drive a machine than to become a machine yourself. In exalting sinew above brain the Trades Unions seem to forget that they live in a mechanical age, that is to say, an age in which machinery does the hard work that used to be allotted to human hands. In every department of commercial activity the advance in this matter is so plain and evident as to be apparent to any eyes; but if no encouragement be given to the clever inventor, he will assuredly stop inventing, and the country will have to fall back on manual labour, or, at any rate, it will cease to encourage the use of machinery. For, after all, work is done to earn a livelihood. If it is congenial work, the toiler does more than earn a livelihood; he achieves a healthy, inspiring interest in what he is doing and thereby secures the greatest pleasure available to him. There is no man happier than he who is wedded to a labour that he loves. But if science is consistently discouraged and if the rewards of service are shared out more generously to the ordinary illiterate labourer who has needed practically no preparation and whose parents or guardians have incurred no expense for education, then it follows that the number of those who devote themselves to study and invention will steadily diminish. They are not going to devote five or ten years of their lives to acquiring a knowledge that will only bring them a pittance.

The Trades Unions' plan, technically speaking, is mechanical, that is, it goes by rule of thumb. The leading examples are that they have set it forth as a rule that a boy when he reaches a certain age shall thereby be deemed able to demand the wage of a man. It may or it may not be that he is worth it, but we know that individual men do not develop uniformly. Some are children at twenty-one, and yet it often happens that they turn out the best of all; others are old men, so to speak, before they get to their twentieth birthday, and we think that the experience of all who have had to do with such precocious members of society is to find that they have shot their bolt too soon. It is just the same with the allotment of a pension. One man may be practically finished before he is sixty, and another at eighty be capable of doing many things as well as when he was younger. It is more than unfair: it is the beginning of racial suicide, when a successful attempt is made to secure that a boy having attained a given age—whatever his merits or demerits—is by that alone, to obtain a higher rate of wages.

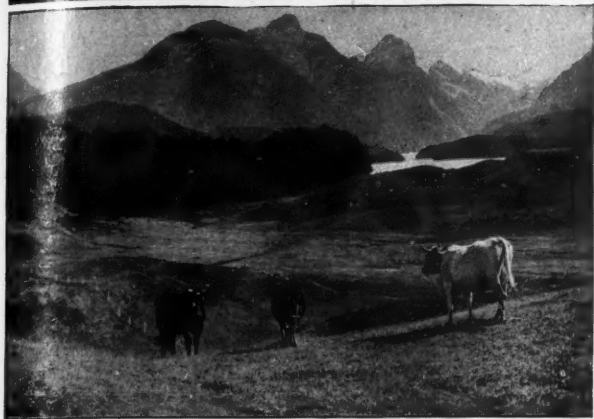
## Our Frontispiece

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of the Hon. Doris Harcourt, eldest daughter of the late Viscount Harcourt and of Viscountess Harcourt. Miss Harcourt's marriage to the Hon. Alexander Baring, the eldest son of Lord Ashburton, is to take place this autumn.

\* \* \* It is particularly requested that no permission to photograph houses, gardens and livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted, except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper.



## COUNTRY



## NOTES

LONDONERS ought to be very grateful to the County Council for the issue of a little, but, in its way, very complete, account of the London parks and open spaces, of which Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton are the publishers. In 1855, when the Metropolitan Board of Works was formed, the only public pleasure grounds in London were the nine parks controlled by H.M. Office of Works, namely, Hyde Park, Kensington Gardens, Green Park, St. James's Park, Regent's Park, Primrose Hill, Greenwich Park, Victoria Park and Kennington Park. That was at a time when the population of London was increasing enormously, not so much from an increasing birth rate as from the migration of country people into the town. It was undoubtedly a great hardship to children that they had no playgrounds in the city to which their fathers and mothers had migrated. The village might have had many disadvantages, but, at any rate, there were fields, commons, river banks, old quarries, all sorts of places, in fact, in which the little people could race and run, play hide and seek and the other games that had been handed down to them from preceding generations. The history referring to the preservation of commons which began in earnest about that time is one pleasant to look back upon for its victories, although they were chequered by many a defeat.

THERE was great need of educating Parliament as well as people in regard to the value of open spaces. In the House of Commons, as late as 1851, the disafforesting and enclosure of Hainault Forest was approved, and in 1874 Epping Forest was preserved for the people only after a strenuous fight by the Commons Preservation Society with Mr. Shaw-Lefevre (Lord Eversley) at its head. Opinion has greatly shifted since these times and no one now is blind to the great advantage to a town of owning plenty of parks and open spaces. Certainly London is very well supplied. A list of the Council's parks in small print occupies very nearly the whole of three pages. Some of these playgrounds have historical as well as other interest. A knowledge of Blackheath, for instance, carries us back to when James I used to play golf on it, and Hampstead Heath has become a synonym for the amusements which are supposed to be essentially Cockney.

IT is, on the whole, desirable that those who are agitating for complete access to the Norfolk Broads should succeed. The present state of these interesting waters is unsatisfactory. Unless upkeep or maintenance is attended to, it is certain that the Broads will eventually fade away. They are fading away, in the opinion of those best acquainted with them, at the present moment. The district tends always to attract greater crowds. The fame of the Broads goes on spreading, but the larger the company the more is the necessity for oversight and the prompt repair of

injuries, as injuries caused by water tend to become serious by being neglected. It is certainly not to the advantage of the public that the Broads should belong to so many different owners. Where the Crown is proprietor, access is free to all whom the Crown represents—that is, the whole body of English men and women. The promoters of the change base their case on the indefinite state of the law in regard to waterways. No one at present seems legally responsible for maintaining the "staithes" or mooring-places, to say nothing of other matters concerning the physical conditions. It would be best for the Broads, as it has been for so many other open spaces, to be handed over to the National Trust, the public meanwhile being asked to make provision for a sum of money, the amount of which would be sufficient to meet the expenses of maintenance.

THE *News of the World* Tournament will be all the more interesting and picturesque this autumn for the presence of three out of the four grand old men of professional golf—Taylor, Braid and Herd. Vardon, more is the pity, has failed to qualify, but the other three not merely qualified, but played some of the finest golf of the day. The outstanding hero was Taylor, who played the same inspired golf that he did at Hoylake. His first round of 68 at Cassiobury Park was a tremendous effort, and his round of 75 was a model of that steadiness which was the proper complement to so brilliant a beginning. Moreover, Herd had a 70 for his second round, a score which no single one of the young giants could beat, and Braid was but one stroke worse with a 71. It is almost too much to hope that the three will be able to keep up this standard for six or seven consecutive rounds in the tournament itself. When a golfer attains a certain age he may wake up feeling more tired than when he went to bed; he can hardly be expected to lash the ball with the same divine frenzy day after day. But as long as their zest and freshness last it is still not too much to say that these wonderful "old gentlemen" are the greatest golfers in the world. Those who are their contemporaries will never cease to think that theirs was the golden age of golf.

## THE FLY.

"How shall I enter Heaven? How  
Behold the Throne?" said the Fly,  
As he bumbled and buzzed with weary wings,  
Tattered, brittle and dry.

"There are seven heavens, fold on fold,  
All infinite, O Fly!  
And the single hole in every vault  
The size of a needle's eye!"

"Yet will I enter Heaven! Still  
Behold the Throne!" (said the Fly)

"I only ask eternity  
To fail in, struggle and try."

MARY DUCLAUX.

THE New Zealand Rugby football team have an almost impossible standard to live up to in the now legendary fame of the original "All Blacks." When Gallagher's team came and saw and conquered, English Rugby was at a very low ebb. To-day we may say, in spite of our defeats in South Africa, that it is flourishing, and however good the present New Zealanders may be—and they are undoubtedly dangerous—they could not be expected to devastate Devon, Cornwall and Somerset as their predecessors did. They have made a sufficiently satisfactory start by winning all three matches, one of them, at any rate, with a great measure of comfort, and they are almost certain to improve as they go on. So far no single one of them seems likely to earn so monumental a celebrity as did Hunter or Seeling or Wallace or several others of the "All Blacks" whose names still sound terrible; but they are fit and strong, fast and skilful, and are already being welded into a formidable whole at a time when our players have hardly said good-bye to summer and got into their stride. Any team that beats them will have done something to be proud of.

THE excavations at Meare Lake Village in Somerset are disclosing a little community of country dwellers who bear very considerable resemblances to the Somersetshire villagers of to-day. It seems to have been self-contained and self-supported. As far as can be judged at present, no tools, implements or other articles were imported from abroad. Weaving and spinning were occupations that seem to have absorbed a good deal of the time of the women, and in that respect the life was very much the same as that which was protracted to the beginning of the nineteenth century. There still exist in many houses of the West wedding garments made at home for the bride, and smocks and kindred garments made for the men. The pursuits of these late Celtic people were pastoral and agricultural, as they are to-day, and it must have been a considerable business to make all the tools and instruments, simple though they might be. There is no trace of any that are not of home manufacture. It is no wonder that the people of the present day are taking an extraordinary interest in the excavations which reveal the past. It would not be too much to say that curiosity about what used to be called the prehistoric is as great as that excited by chronicled events. The revelation of older inhabitants and old ways of living is, when one comes to think of it, a very modern idea. Until the nineteenth century, there was very little effective examination of historic sites, and in the beginning of the nineteenth century, though there was much digging and shovelling of earth, there was little light shed on the people and things of the past. A great deal of material was obtained for museums, but curiosity for the most part ended there. Now a generation has arisen with an overwhelming desire to pry into the circumstances, manners, beliefs and superstitions of those people or peoples whose names and habitations had apparently passed out of knowledge.

SUMMER time, according to the clock, came to an end in the early hours of Sunday morning, but, practically, it seems to have passed away long before that. We must not legislate, however, for exceptional years such as the present. A time has come when a definite settlement should be made of what is to be the legal summer time: that is, the period during which the clocks will start us an hour earlier in the morning and send us to bed an hour earlier at night. No country can afford to take an exceptional line of its own in this matter because of its business in, and relations with, other countries. It would cause a great deal of unnecessary annoyance if there was a permanent divergence between Great Britain and Continental countries, such as France, Belgium and Holland, as to the most suitable division of the year. An important object to be gained is that we should have a time-table that will fit in with the arrangements of countries in which our people are in the habit of travelling or doing business. In fact, there does not seem any better suggestion to offer than that the year should be divided into two halves, say, from the end of March to the end of September and from the beginning of October to the last day in March. A straight, rigid line has the great advantage of being understood by all sections of the community. The arrangement may not be universally approved, as there are two sides to every question, but there is no doubt that this arrangement would meet the wishes of the majority, and the minority would gradually fall in with it.

A SIGNIFICANT little piece of history is contained in a paragraph of very few lines. It tells that a deputation led by the Mayor of Merthyr waited upon the directors of Messrs. Guest, Keen and Nettlefolds at Dowlais in connection with the shutting down of the Bedlinog pit. The directors received the deputation, but could give it no comfort. They explained that they were unable to continue the working of the Bedlinog pit owing to the economic depression, which, we take it, means simply that the venture will not yield a sufficient profit. In this way a problem of the hour is put into a nutshell. It is, that those who provide capital for commercial enterprise do so in the hope and expectation of receiving a reasonable profit on the undertaking. If

they cannot obtain this, who can blame them for retiring from the venture?

SIR GEORGE FORDHAM'S letter to the *Times* on Mr. James Ismay's farming experience contains one or two facts of considerable interest. On his estate on the Hertfordshire-Cambridgeshire border, for the six years ended March 31st, 1924, he made on an average a fair profit. After the proper deductions had been made, a profit remained in round figures of £1,000. During the same period the payment for wages and supervision was about £1,800 per annum. When he takes twelve instead of six years he finds that the average annual balance in favour of the occupying owner is about £1,400 and the wages paid about £1,500. Roughly, then, we may say that there is a good half of the earnings paid to labour and a smaller half paid to the owner. Sir George's criticism of Mr. Ismay's figures is that they deal only with three years distinguished by an extraordinary fall in the value of stock and produce, where these were preceded by three years of high profit. The reasoning here is specious. The three fat years to which he makes reference do not owe their fatness to exceptional weather, but to a demand for food that was very general after the war. Anyone who thought clearly about the situation believed that there was nothing permanent in that prosperity, but the handicap that was imposed during the next three years is of a lasting kind. There is, at present, no prospect of a farmer receiving the high prices for wheat which he obtained under the old guarantee. Hence those three years are very suitable for the exposition that has been given of the economics of farming at Iwerne.

#### ROSALINDA READING.

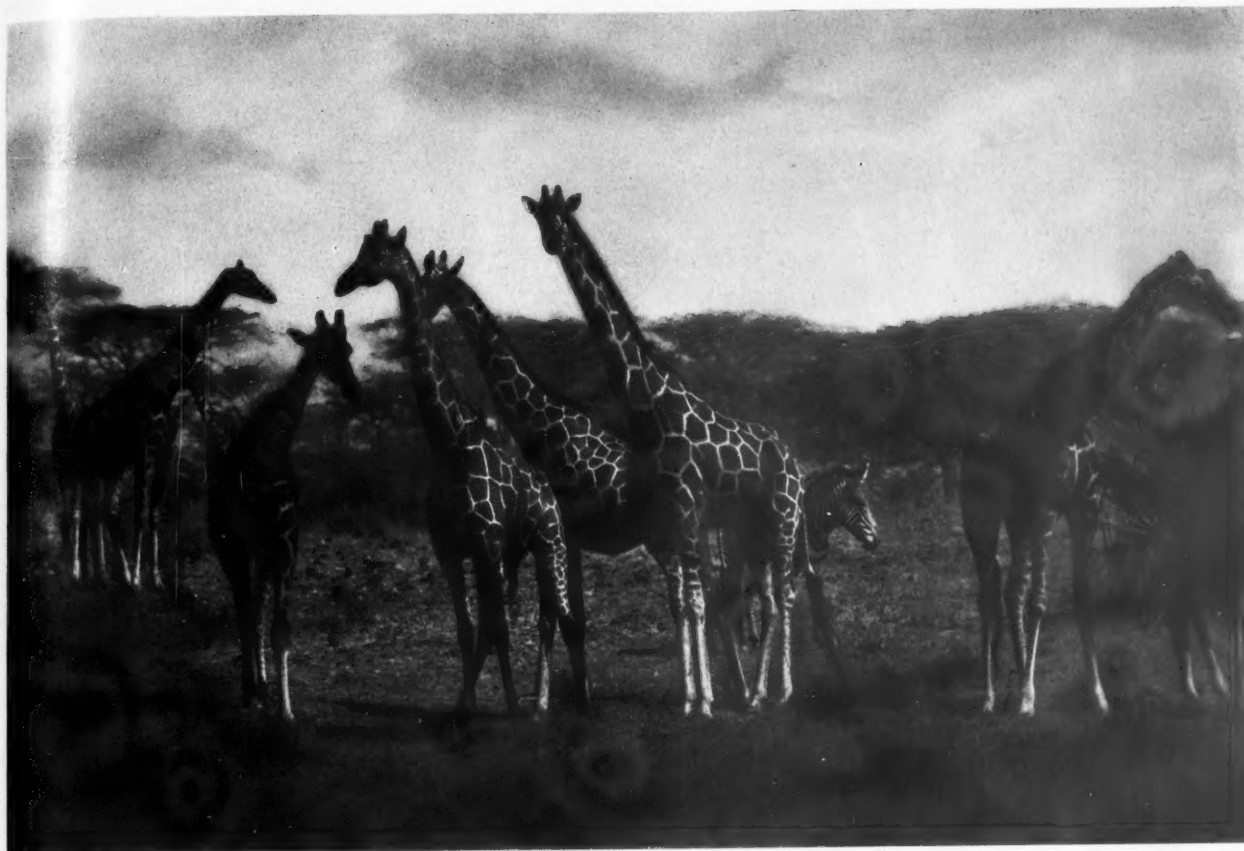
When Rosalinda reads aloud,  
I care not what is in the book:  
'Tis not for that I join the crowd,  
'Tis less to listen than to look,  
And watch her eyes across the page  
Trace o'er again the course they took,  
And downward in their pilgrimage  
Follow the leaf from line to line.  
Whether the words be wild or sage,  
The words are no affair of mine,  
I only know her eyes are brown,  
And when they meet the light they shine:  
And when the printer draws them down  
Her lashes have a lovely sweep.  
Dark are her lashes, dark her gown.  
Her voice is what the echoes keep  
Out of the sweetest songs they've heard,  
And, like the waves that range the deep,  
Its cadence moves from word to word,  
As if the writer wrote a score  
Of music for a singing bird.  
As by the book I set no store  
It might befall that she should read  
These paltry lines and make them more  
Than all the Muses' highest meed:  
So were these falterings of my pen  
Turned into poetry indeed.  
So were I famed before all men  
And all the world would listen then.

H. BIRKHEAD.

IN the great struggle which is impending, and may have to be fought out during the present autumn, it will be no small benefit to the Unionist party that Mr. Winston Churchill has, in his candidature for the Epping division, definitely ranged himself under the banner of Mr. Baldwin. He is a great fighter and one who has realised more fully than anyone else the danger inherent in Socialism, which he regards as a suicidal policy for the nation. It is not our custom to take an active part in partisan warfare, but all that concerns the stability of law, the rights of private property and the freedom of the individual to work out his own salvation is matter that far transcends the jealousies and squabbles which form so large a part of political warfare. Mr. Winston Churchill is showing the example of one who can control many of his less important instincts in order to fight wholeheartedly in a good cause.



## ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPHS at the "ROYAL"



Martin Johnson.

"GIRAFFES."

Copyright.

THERE is no kind of photography in which more progress has been made during the last twenty-five or thirty years than that of capturing the wild life of the great animals of the forest, the desert and the veldt.

Naturally, the Royal Photographic Society has always kept well abreast of this movement, as will be evident from a glance at the illustrations to this commentary. And *en passant* let us pay our tribute of thanks to the Society for permission to reproduce some of those admirable pictures. The examples are taken from a section of the Exhibition to which our attention was drawn incidentally by the conversation of two ladies who were going round the show. One said to the other, "We must look at the pictures beginning at 1257 and going on to 1291, because they are by members of the staff of the American Museum of Natural History, New York City." "Is that really so?" asked her companion; and when it was confirmed by a rapid glance at the catalogue, she went on, "Yes, indeed, we cannot miss these. They must be of the best, or the American Museum of Natural History would not give them a hall-mark." It was a natural deduction on the part of the lady, and it made one feel that the British Museum of Natural History would do well to take a hint from their American friends and direct attention to the best photographs taken by members of the staff on natural history expeditions.

The expert, of course, does not require a guarantee of that

kind, but not all are experts, and it is more than an educational point to dwell on the importance of showing the beginner which work is worth special attention. Mr. Martin Johnson's picture of giraffes proves his cleverness with the camera and his knowledge of wild life. He is quite alive to the most impressive moments of this stately African. Standing still or walking, there is no other animal so graceful, though when he breaks into a gallop, in the words of Mr. Percival, "he becomes simply ludicrous, the long neck swaying back



Herbert Lang.

"WHITE RHINOCEROS"

Copyright.

and forth as though independent of the body, with its loose, shambling legs." In brief, "it seems as if the body had much ado to drag the neck after it." The old idea was that the giraffe was a silent animal; but it has a curious cry which is differently described by different observers. One describes it as a husky, grunting sound, while another says that "it is something like the bleating of a sheep, but infinitely softer."

The photograph of the white rhinoceros was evidently taken from a heavy specimen of his kind, but "white," of course, is a relative term when applied to a rhino, and does not mean that he is of the whiteness of a sheep or of a cloud.

The flamingo feeding its young is a very just and beautiful study in natural history. The flamingo resembles the giraffe in at least one remarkable feature. It is true that one is a biped and the other a quadruped, but the biped's two legs are as fine in their own way as the four legs of the other, even though the giraffe is the most beautiful legged of all animals. The picture appeals to our sense of humour as well as to the instinct of imagination. The long tortuous neck, with a bill made to answer the purpose of a spoon, is a fine feature that can hardly fail to provoke a smile.

Mr. Martin Johnson's zebra picture compares well with his giraffes. By an oversight his photograph is not included in the list by the staff of the American Museum, but the omission is rectified in the body of the list. The zebra is a beautiful and interesting beast, and the complaint about him does not refer to anything that he can help. Buck, in the country which he inhabits, do not carry insect pests, but he does in any quantity; and, as an authority previously quoted says, "The tick that thrives on a zebra thrives also on horse, mule or donkey." Now, the rhino tick keeps to the rhino, and the dog tick is found only on the dog and jackal. The ostrich has two species, but keeps them; they do not go on anything else; but the zebra is the greatest sinner in the way of not only carrying but disseminating ticks, yet everyone likes the zebra and few would have him interfered with. Even cowboys could do nothing with zebras. If they roped them, those caught died after they had worn themselves out with fighting. For their beauty and connection with the horse, everyone would fain turn a favourable eye to them; but the tick question is so very important that the zebras' unconscious misdemeanours may one day prove their undoing. The picture of impalla owes its remarkable beauty in large measure to the reflection of the animals in still water. The whole scene in which they are pictured conveys to the mind a sense of remote and still beauty completely shut off from the world we know.

On the walls of the Exhibition are many photographs to



Robert Cushman Murphy.

"BLACKFISH."

Copyright.

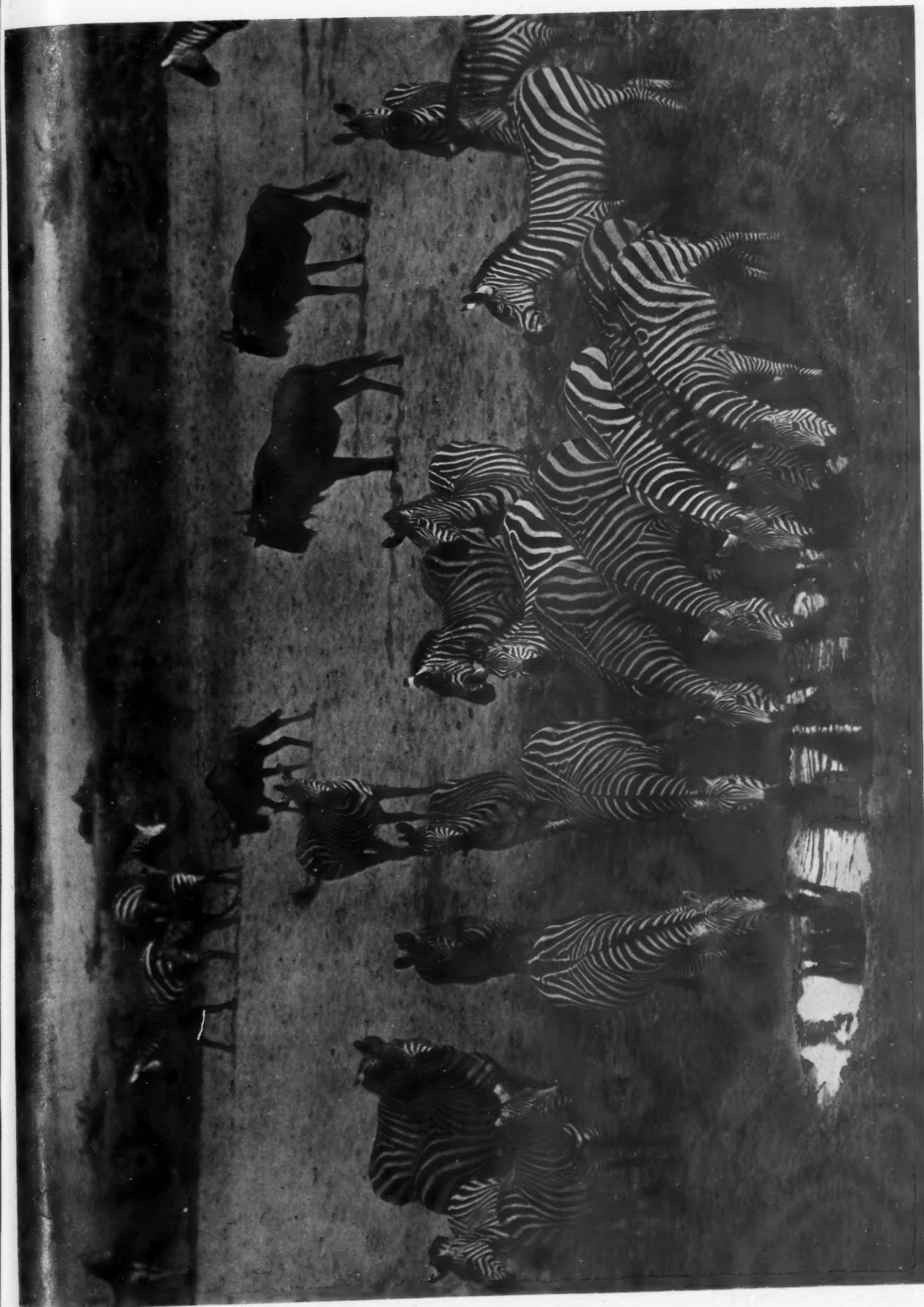


Frank M. Chapman.

"FLAMINGO FEEDING YOUNG."

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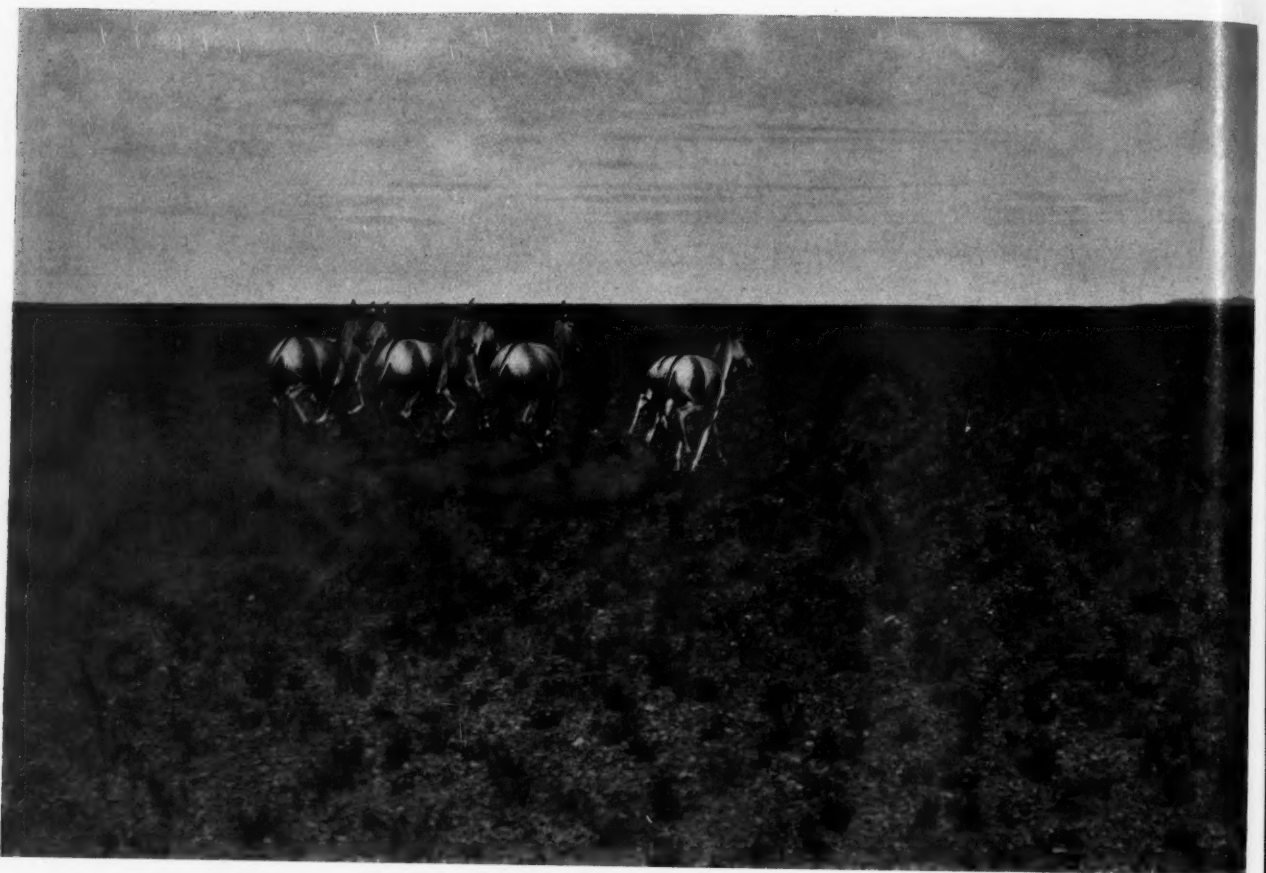




Copyright.

"ZEBRAS."

Martin Johnson.



J. B. Shackelford.

"MONGOLIAN WILD ASSES."

Copyright.



Carl E. Akeley.

"IMPALLA."

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prove that, the land and air being conquered by the photographer, he has also turned his attention to the wonders of the deep. For this purpose a different technique has been acquired. The big whale and the little fish alike have power to dive under cover more difficult to reach than is the depth of the forest itself, but, fortunately, such creatures cannot exist without air, and thus are compelled from time to time to take their chance of being harmlessly shot by the camera. If the whale puts up his back above the waves and the photographer is within stalking distance at the time, he may be able to get a snapshot worth the long time of waiting; but the difficulty of photographing fish in their natural wild condition is infinitely greater than that of the fiercest of wild beasts. It should be added that the sixty-ninth exhibition of the

Royal Photographic Society was opened this year at Russell Square by the unveiling of a memorial tablet to William Henry Fox Talbot, F.R.S., a great pioneer in the art of the camera and one to whom modern improvement in it owes very much. The function was performed by Mr. J. Dudley Johnston, President of the Society, who, in the course of his opening speech, very modestly defined its aims. They were to gather and exhibit the things that were really worth while and to bring together quality rather than quantity. He added that pictorial photography was, to-day, at a point where little progress is to be observed, but the level of achievement was really very high. Few who examine the pictures would fail to agree that this is an under-statement. It is an exhibition of wide interest and contains some great work.

## THE MODERN LABRADOR

BY A. CROXTON SMITH.



A THOROUGH SPORTSMAN.

THE progress of the Labrador in less than twenty years is a conspicuous feature in a century that has witnessed extraordinary developments in field trials and dog shows. August of 1914 inaugurated a critical period in the sporting world, all other interests receding into the background as the momentous conflict grew in intensity. One consideration only occupied the minds of every class—that of winning the war. Dogs suffered peculiarly on account of the suspension of breeding operations, and the reduction of kennels to a minimum. Could the lost ground ever be recovered; would fickle taste, swinging in other directions, forbid the resumption of activities on their former scale? The zenith had apparently been reached in 1914; by 1919 we were at the nadir, and many predicted that a revival was impossible. Last year supplied the answer, more than twice as many pedigree dogs being registered at the Kennel Club as had been entered in any previous twelve months—over 40,000 altogether—and in all probability this year will exceed 50,000. So much for the prescience of human pessimism.

Labradors, which had already obtained a wide distribution throughout the kingdom, have shared in the general prosperity, being eighth on the list for August with 165 registrations, those above them in numbers being several varieties of terriers, cocker spaniels, Alsations and Pekingese. Yet, fifteen years ago they were only just becoming known through the public-spirited action of the Hon. A. Holland-Hibbert in supporting shows as well as the working tests. Too much credit cannot be given to the propaganda efforts of this gentleman, whose "Munden" prefix was quickly associated with all that was best in the variety. Apart from a few of Mr. Holland-Hibbert's leading dogs, it cannot

be said that the majority of the Labradors benched were altogether pleasing. Usually they were short in the neck, loaded at the shoulders and not true in front; but there were obvious possibilities of improving them along their own individual lines, without aiming at the flat-coat as a model. Some, it is true, wishing to take a short cut, especially with the object of introducing more refinement of head, resorted to an alliance with the flat-coated retriever; but the newly formed Labrador Club set itself steadily against such an innovation. The Labrador head is distinctive, and should not be like that of the other, as a reference to the photographs published to-day will show. The originals of these belong to Mrs. Quintin Dick, who for some time has enjoyed an enviable supremacy, owning a number of dual winners.

The improvement has undoubtedly taken place without any impairment of the utility qualities for which the breed is so famous. Indeed, I should say that the longer neck and less lumber about the shoulders are a distinct advantage for field work. The change for the better is general rather than particular. If we carry the mind back ten years, three or four really first-class specimens emerge that belong to all time, such as Ch. Withington Dorando, Ch. Type of Whitmore, Ch. Ilderton Ben and the peerless Ch. Manor House Belle. These were a joy to behold, not only for their beauty as Labradors, but also because of their symmetry and shape as dogs. Mrs. Quintin Dick tells me she looks upon Manor House Belle and her son, Withington Dorando, as being almost faultless. But, considering the race rather than the individual, I do not think there will be divided opinions about the levelling up that has occurred. Labradors are now capable of winning in the big mixed classes, competing

against the pick of other breeds, which is really an exacting test, since those must necessarily be excluded that do not conform to a high standard in make and shape.

I believe I am right in saying that more Labradors are entitled to bear the honourable style of "champion" than any breed of gundogs, which is a tribute to their prowess in the field, because, under Kennel Club rules, no gundog can become a champion, no matter what his wins in the show ring, unless he has first conformed to certain working qualifications. The records of retriever trials are a monument to his capacity, and the prices realised at auction sales prove the esteem in which he is held by sportsmen. It cannot be said of the show Labrador:

But lost in thoughtless ease and empty show,  
Behold the warrior dwindled to a beau.

Of the modern dogs pride of place must be given to Mrs. Quintin Dick's celebrity, Double Champion Banchoy Bolo, holder of the field trial and show bench honour, and the favourite companion of his mistress. He has done inestimable service by the production of progeny noted for their utility, and admirable in their beauty as well as in intelligence. His story is a romance in little. He was the only dog in a litter of thirteen, sired in 1915 by her first Labrador, Scandal of Glynn, and bred



A PERFECT DELIVERY TO HAND: MRS. QUINTIN DICK WITH BROCKLEHIRSK DONNER.

remained ever since. His first day's shooting, when he was more than two years old, was not a success, and from the way he ran in to hares and rabbits one would imagine that he was practising for the Waterloo Cup. Severity being useless, persuasion was tried, and he then displayed a good sense that made him a ready pupil. Like so many headstrong dogs, his defects were turned into virtues as he grew to understand his work. He was to have been run at the field trials of 1919, but one day he was impaled on the spikes of an iron gate, being injured so badly that, but for the solicitude of his mistress, he would have been destroyed. Next year, however, in the space of three weeks he qualified as a field-trial champion, and in 1922 he earned

by Major H. Banner. After having been in the hands of two trainers, he was sent home, but he was so wild and unmanageable that he was given away. On the death of Scandal, in 1917, Mrs. Quintin Dick made enquiries about the dog, and was told that his new owner would give him to her, as he was useless, wild and stupid. His behaviour on reaching his new home justified all that had been said about him, but shortly afterwards he fell ill, and the careful nursing received at the hands of his mistress made him a reformed character. He became her devoted companion, which he has



T. Fall.

CRITICISING A COMPANION AT WORK.

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DOUBLE CHAMPION BANCHORY BOLO.



BANCHORY DANILO.



CHAMPION BANCHORY SUNSPECK.



BANCHORY ROGER, BY DOUBLE CHAMPION BANCHORY BOLO.

the full show-bench honours. It is not surprising that Mrs. Quintin Dick is proud of him.

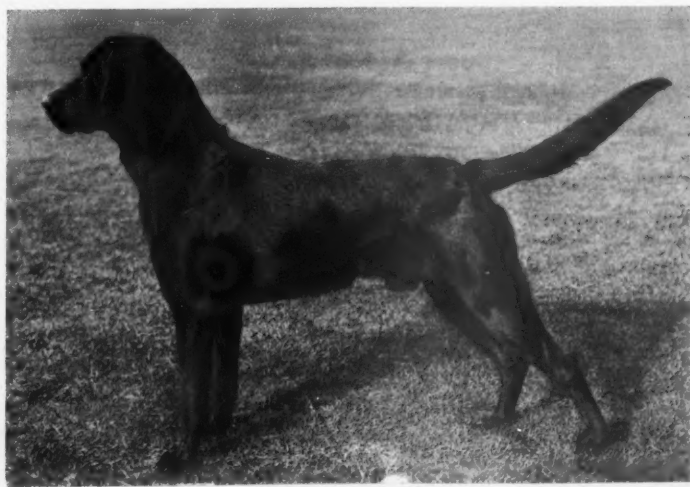
Labradors owe much to Mrs. Quintin Dick—more, perhaps, than people are aware. Her energy in founding the Labrador Club, of which she is still honorary secretary, gave a great impetus to the variety, and by encouraging breeding for quality as well as utility she has set an excellent example to all exhibitors of gundogs. Indeed, Labradors have been exceptionally fortunate in the personnel of their supporters. Any article on the subject would be incomplete without acknowledgment of the assistance conferred by the appearance of His Majesty as an exhibitor. The Wolferton show dogs, it is almost unnecessary to explain, are also used by the King in shooting. It would be redundant to enumerate all the famous Labradors that have passed through the hands of Mrs. Quintin Dick, their names being familiar to everybody. The favourites most admitted to her friendship in the house have been Scandal, Bolo, Ch. Withington Dorando, Withington Saturday, Ch. Sunspeck and Banchory Corbie. One of the best of sportsmen, for the last three and a half years she has done her own breaking, but she has now engaged a man to help. She will continue to break and handle those she proposes to run at trials. I believe that she was the first of her sex to judge at one of these meetings, and I note that she is to officiate at the Gamekeepers' National Association trials in Scotland, in October, in association with the Earl of Chesterfield and Mr. J. Cady. The Labrador Club is holding two meetings: an open stake at Weston, Shifnal, Salop, in October, judged by

Mr. Holland-Hibbert, Captain Hardy and Mr. Medlicott; and, in November, a junior stake at Mrs. Quintin Dick's new place, Idsworth Park, Horndean, Hants, the judges being the Hon. W. Hewitt, Major M. Portal and Mr. Lewis D. Wigan. Although only twenty-four nominations are available for each, fifty-six applications have been received for one and forty-nine for the other.

I asked Mrs. Quintin Dick if she would explain how it is the Labrador is so fashionable, and her answer, I am sure, will be echoed by all who keep them: "Because the breed is known as the best working retriever, the dog that is almost human in his intelligence, that has natural ability and keenness, and, when he is not at work, is his master's best friend and companion. Regarded as a friend, where is his equal? He has such fidelity and such intelligence. He is such a sportsman, so whole-hearted in his work, with all his thoughts concentrated on this; and then you bring him into the house, and he becomes the gentlest and

most loving of friends. To all those who love the breed I would put forward this plea—that they try to preserve the three things that are so typical—the hazel eye, the otter tail and the weather-resisting coat."

Those who understand that a breed that preceded the float-coated retriever has a distinct individuality will agree with Mrs. Quintin Dick in her anxiety to preserve the three features that are so characteristic. Her views, too, about the shape of the head are thoroughly orthodox. The standard of the Labrador Club admits of no dubiety: "The skull should be wide, giving brain room. . . . The head should be clean-cut



T. Fall.

CHAMPION WITHINGTON BANTER.

Copyright.



BANCHORY BLUFF, BY DOUBLE CHAMPION BCLO.



BANCHORY CORBIE.



T. Fall. A STUDY OF BANCHORY SUNSPECK. Copyright.

and free from fleshy cheeks. The jaws should be long and powerful, and quite free from snipiness or exaggeration in length; the nose should be wide and the nostrils well developed." The paragraph describing the general appearance of the dog may also be repeated: "The general appearance of the Labrador should be that of a strongly built, short-coupled, very active dog. Compared with the wavy or flat-coated retriever, he should be wider in the head, wider throughout the chest and ribs, wider and stronger over the loins and hindquarters. The coat should be close, short, dense, and free from feather."

With these admonitions as a guide, breeders ought not to go astray, but it is not everyone who is capable of perpetuating a high standard. Directly a breed achieves popularity hosts of people take advantage of the boom to produce stock indiscriminately, without paying attention to careful selection. The utility varieties are particularly favourable to such operations, the excuse for selling a non-typical specimen invariably being that it is a "worker."

## YACHTING IN 1924

**A**LTHOUGH the weather experienced during the greater part of the summer left much to be desired, the past yachting season was in many respects a notable one. In addition to a really fine class of big cutters, we had in the 12-metre division the best racing class seen out for many years. Unfortunately, the exigencies of the programme caused the fleet to split up early in the season, some of the yachts going north to race on the Clyde, while the others remained in the south. It was not, therefore, until they met again in the Solent for Cowes Week that the class was at full strength. In these days of heavy taxation there is a tendency on the part of yachtsmen to go in for smaller craft, and the 12-metre cutter promises to become extremely popular. Experience has shown that she is quite capable of touring round the coast to meet engagements as far north as the Clyde, and she is sufficiently roomy to accommodate her owner and crew. She is fast and weatherly, and, owing to her moderate sail area, can be handled efficiently by a comparatively small crew. This, of course, makes for economy—a feature which appeals strongly to most yachtsmen in these expensive times.

The racing of the big cutters was of exceptional interest, as the yachts engaged represented three distinct periods. First, there was Britannia, designed by Watson under the old Length and Sail Area rule in 1893. Then, in White Heather II and Shamrock we had representatives of the first International rule, the vessels having been constructed in 1907 and 1908 respectively. Finally, there was Lulworth (ex Terpsichore), designed and built by White in 1920. Of these, Britannia was the largest, being by Thames measurement computation 221 tons; then came Lulworth, 186 tons; White Heather, 179 tons; and Shamrock, 175 tons. The two last mentioned, having been designed and built by Fife under the same measurement formula, are of similar type and, like Lulworth, are fitted with what is now commonly termed the "Marconi" mast: in effect mainmast, topmast and topsail yard in one length. When a yacht thus fitted is seen at anchor, with her sails stowed, the height of the mast looks enormous; but when the canvas is set the great length of the spar is not so noticeable, and it is astonishing how soon the eye grows accustomed to such innovations. When the "Marconi" mast first appeared it was something to wonder at, but now the boot is on the other foot and Britannia's old-fashioned topmast strikes the eye as unusual and obsolete. Nevertheless, it is open to question whether the "Marconi" mast is altogether a desirable innovation in these big vessels. Such spars are extremely difficult to stay efficiently, and, since their adoption, yachts have been more frequently dismasted than in the old days when they carried separate topmasts.

Prior to the commencement of the racing it was anticipated that Shamrock would prove rather faster than White Heather and Lulworth as, since she raced in the old 23-metre class, she had been extensively altered both as regards her hull and sail plan. While Shamrock's sail area had been increased, that of White Heather had been slightly reduced, and the natural inference was that the green cutter would be able to show her heels to her old rival. Lulworth, under her old name of Terpsichore, had proved a very disappointing craft, and although her new owner, Mr. Weld-Blundell, had had her thoroughly overhauled and tuned up, the Handicapping Committee had to base their calculations more or less on her past form. Taking these facts into consideration, they placed Britannia and Shamrock on the scratch mark, setting them to concede White Heather and Lulworth an allowance of 4secs. per mile. It was soon found, however, that this time allowance was not needed to bring the yachts together, and the handicap was dropped. Thus, for the first time for ten years, we have seen big cutters sailing under pure class-racing conditions, all the competitors starting together without time allowance.

In strong winds Britannia is still the queen of the fleet, but during the month of August, when the big cutters were racing, there was not often sufficient weight in the wind for the Royal yacht to produce her best form. In the circumstances she did very well to win a dozen prizes with twenty starts.

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White Heather finished at the head of the list of prize winners. Her sixteen prizes include the Albert Gold Cup, which she secured for the fifth time. The surprise of the class was Lulworth, which seems to have been improved beyond recognition. For a vessel that had hitherto been regarded as a failure, her record of eleven prizes with seventeen starts is a capital one. Not a little of her success, however, must be attributed to the fact that she had at her wheel Captain Charles Bevis, formerly skipper of White Heather, who handled the vessel with consummate skill. Shamrock, which Sir Thomas Lipton had brought from New York in order to assist in the revival of home racing, was pursued by persistent bad luck. She started by losing a man overboard, and subsequently met with mishaps to her spars which caused her to miss many of her engagements. She only started in nine races, and the capture of the Royal Victoria Gold Cup was her sole success. The following is a complete record of the racing:

Yacht	Owner	Starts	1st	2nd	Total Prizes
White Heather II	Sir Charles Allom ..	21	8	8	16
Britannia ..	H.M. The King ..	20	7	5	12
Lulworth ..	Mr. H. Weld-Blundell ..	17	4	7	11
Shamrock ..	Sir Thomas Lipton, Bt. ..	9	1	-	1

Eight yachts competed in the 12 metre class, three being new vessels launched this year and the remainder older craft, of which several had been altered to bring them more or less up to date. The recruits were Noresca, designed by Anker for Sir W. P. Burton and Mr. R. G. Perry; Moyana II, designed by Mylne for Mr. Wilfred Leuchars; and Clymene, designed by Nicholson for Mr. P de G. Benson. The famous Norwegian designer J. Anker was very strongly represented as, in addition to Noresca, he was responsible for the lines of Atalanta, Noreen and Heira II. Vanity, the crack of 1923, was the only Fife boat in the fleet, but Mylne had a second string in the old south coast one-designer Kelpie, which sailed under time allowance at the early regattas. Altogether it was a most interesting

class, and the racing throughout the season was very keen. Unfortunately, both Vanity and Heira II were dismasted at the commencement of the Clyde Fortnight, leaving Noresca with nothing to beat but the rather disappointing Moyana, as the remainder of the yachts had stayed in the south for the Royal Temple Y.C. regatta. While Noresca was carrying all before her on the Clyde, Atalanta was victorious in the south, the yacht having been immensely improved by some alterations effected last winter.

The class was not seen at full strength until the opening of the Solent regattas. In the meantime Vanity had been altered to Bermudian rig, a modification which gave her sufficient extra speed to enable her to compete successfully with Noresca. Her accident on the Clyde, however, caused her to miss so many of her engagements as to rob her of any chance of retaining her position at the head of her class. The Nicholson boat Clymene won only three races, but secured a number of second prizes. She was not ready in time for the early regattas and, possibly, has not yet found her form. Moyana II sailed better after some lead she originally carried inside had been placed on her keel, but seemed a trifle outclassed. Possibly, alteration to the Bermudian rig might place her on terms with her rivals. The record of the season's racing is as follows:

Yacht	Owner	Starts	1st	2nd	3rd	Total Prizes
Noresca ..	Sir W. P. Burton and Mr. R. G. Perry	31	17	4	5	26
Atalanta ..	Messrs. A. C. Adams and J. R. Piper	34	14	7	6	27
Vanity ..	Mr. J. R. Payne ..	18	9	3	1	13
Noreen ..	Mr. F. Last ..	32	1	10	2	13
Moyana II ..	Mr. Wilfred Leuchars ..	31	2	6	4	12
Clymene ..	Mr. P. de G. Benson ..	25	3	7	-	10
Heira II ..	Mr. W. M. M. Curtis ..	8	2	-	-	2
Kelpie ..	Mr. Austin O'Connor ..	7	-	-	-	-

FRANCIS B. COOKE.

## ENGLISH AND IRISH GLASS

### THE BLES COLLECTION. II.—DECORATED GLASSES.

It is a very human thing to want the "twopenny coloured" as well as the "penny plain": to apply art and ingenuity to mere objects of utility and make of them something curious or beautiful according to the fashions of the age. And it is quite natural that such a universal material as glass should have been submitted to every possible decorative process; but, as a matter of fact, it has, in comparison with other useful materials, been peculiarly refractory, and this largely because its transparency does not lend itself to the painted

decoration so suitable to opaque materials. Successful decoration has confined itself, therefore, to qualities that reside in the material, and of these the first and the most important has been ductility. It was the pliable nature of glass when heated that first attracted the attention of craftsmen, and in ancient Egypt, where glass originated, decoration was practically confined to twisting and moulding and blending the molten "metal." But first we should notice that glass can rival any other material in its pure and unadorned state; in



A FINE EXAMPLE OF PLAIN GLASS.

A perfectly plain goblet of early "glass of lead." No decoration is needed to enhance its ideal proportions. It has a hollow baluster stem and a folded foot rim.

LATE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY POSSET BOWL.

A posset bowl with crowned lid. A beautiful example of Early English "glass of lead," dating from the last quarter of the seventeenth century, and showing typical moulded and trailed decoration.

A KING WILLIAM GLASS.

A massive goblet, showing two types of engraving. The inscription, "To the Glorious and Immortal Memory of King William," is in diamond point. The arabesque borders are engraved with a wheel.

fact, at many periods, and particularly in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, it was prized above gold and silver for use at table. It would be difficult to imagine anything more satisfactory, both in dignity of shape and in suitability of form to material, than the perfectly plain goblet here illustrated. But no one would wish to confine the art of glass making to such an austere standard as this, and the attraction of glass for the collector would be very limited indeed had the craft remained on this beautiful though strictly utilitarian level.

When Venetian workmen introduced the industry into England during the sixteenth century they brought with them the methods of decoration in force in the glass houses of Murano. These consisted of trailed, moulded and applied decorations—all methods taking advantage of the ductility of the material; and the first purely English products carry on the Venetian tradition. This is seen in the magnificent posset bowl here reproduced, a piece belonging to the last quarter of the seventeenth century; the moulded base, and lid, the applied loops of glass threads round the body, the pincer-work of the crown knob are all traditional methods of decoration derived immediately from Venetian or, perhaps, Dutch workmen, but going back ultimately to the very beginnings of the craft. But it is a curious fact that as soon as the English workmen were left to themselves they abandoned this tradition and developed other and, perhaps, less convincing methods. The chief of these was engraving, of which we have already seen many fine examples in the historical glasses dealt with in the first article of this series. That this form of decoration was not confined to purely commemorative glasses is seen in the set of five glasses engraved with scenes from a fox hunt which we illustrate. These are engraved by means of a revolving wheel, and such has been the means generally adopted for engraving glasses in England; another method sometimes practised in England was line engraving with a diamond point. The Royal Oak goblet illustrated in the previous article is an example of this type. In the massive goblet shown here we have both methods in conjunction: the inscription, which reads, "To the Glorious and Immortal Memory of King William," is etched in diamond point; the arabesque borders above and below the inscription are wheel-engraved. Etching by acid, a method used on the Continent, sometimes with wonderful effect, does not seem ever to have been practised in England.

We come finally to the only kind of decoration on glasses which approaches at all to the characteristic method of decorating pottery and porcelain; this is enamel painting. At Bristol (as in Germany, Spain and Venice) they eluded the difficulties of the material by making it opaque; the milk-white glass of Bristol is a



#### DECORATED IN WHITE ENAMEL.

Glasses painted in white enamel with rustic scenes (fishing, hunting and skating). In the stems of the two smaller glasses are finely twisted threads of opaque white glass; in the stem of the large glass are "air" twists, i.e., elongated and spirally twisted bubbles of air.

very beautiful material, and the painting found on it, especially the work of Michael Edkins, is of a decorative value not surpassed by any contemporary work on English porcelain. But the material has become so de-natured that it hardly falls within a consideration of decorated glasses, implying, as we always do in this connection, glass of a crystal quality. We may mention here, however, that this opaque white glass, as well as opaque glass of a variety of colours, was used with great decorative value in the "twists" that were introduced in the stems of glasses of clear metal; these, with their lace-like delicacy and by their enhancement or emphasis of the form of the glasses, make an attractive group in any collection. They are to be seen in several of the photographs which we reproduce. The use of opaque enamel for painting on clear glass has not been widely practised in England, but it is seen with distinction and charm in the three glasses, presumably all by the same hand, which are illustrated here. Clear glasses painted with coloured enamels are not unknown in England, and in particular there is the work of a painter called Bielby, who lived at Gateshead in Durham.

We have reserved for a third article illustrating the glasses in the Bles Collection the mode of decoration which was to become, late in the eighteenth and during the nineteenth centuries, the most characteristic and almost the exclusive method in English and Irish glass houses—namely, cut glass. HERBERT READ.



#### ENGRAVED GLASSES.

Five glasses engraved with fox-hunting scenes. The four cordial glasses have opaque "twists" in their stems; the stem of the larger ale glass shows simple cutting of an early type.





SOME OF THE BUILDINGS OF ELSENBURG AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE.

## TRAINING PROFESSIONAL FARMERS IN SOUTH AFRICA

**W**E are far, in progress if perhaps not in time, from the era when throughout Britain and Europe blood-letting was the panacea for most human ailments, and the illiterate local barber, with his cupping and leeches, posed and was accepted as a sort of physician. The practice of medicine has advanced beyond recognition since then, and to-day is probably the most delicately skilled of the professions.

Somewhat analogous has been the change in farming. It is no longer the dull, bucolic affair townsmen picture it—a trade merely for slow-witted ploughmen and herds. Science has done nearly as much for agriculture as for medicine, and modern farming, in its highest manifestation, and in a country like South Africa, is studied as painstakingly and practised as skilfully as any profession. It is a profession to which, since the war, men of ability have increasingly turned, and it may be topical, therefore, briefly to recount how they are trained for the leading positions in it.

In a country like the Union of South Africa, whose future depends primarily on the full and proper utilisation of the soil, the Department of Agriculture is of outstanding national importance. Its several branches deal with veterinary research, entomology, chemistry, botany and plant pathology; and some specialise in sheep and wool, cotton and tobacco, horticulture, viticulture, dairying and co-operation.

In the various branches of the Department of Agriculture scientists, some of them of world-wide reputation, are continuously at work to discover cures and, preferably, preventatives

for animal diseases and plant pests, to evolve new types of seed and farming systems suitable for the great variety of climate, soil and working conditions found in South Africa, and generally to investigate, experiment and advise farmers what to produce in a given locality, how to produce and dispose of it most economically, and the action to take in emergencies. Many of the more protracted experiments, especially in evolving seed, in breeding and feeding animals on the most profitable lines, and in planting and handling crops to get the best results, are carried out at the agricultural colleges; and so these latter serve a dual purpose. At them professional farmers are trained, and research work is conducted under the Department of Agriculture.

The research work is too technical and too various to be outlined here, but how valuable and far-reaching it is in the development of South Africa may be judged from one or two brief illustrations.

Take, for instance, the cattle disease known as East Coast fever. It was devastating until protracted investigation proved it to be caused by a blood-sucking tick which, when its life-history had been sufficiently studied, was found to carry and spread infection over thousands of square miles of country. Once that was discovered the farmer had the remedy in his own hands, and the simple process of periodically passing cattle through a sunken bath containing a weak arsenic solution cleared whole districts of East Coast fever and, incidentally, of other diseases.

In some localities, too, there was once heavy loss on the ranches from a disease in which the symptoms resembled ptomaine



THE EDUCATIONAL BLOCK OF CEDARA AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE.



STUDENTS' DINING HALL AT GLEN AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE.

poisoning. What caused it was not known, and could be discovered only after considerable scientific investigation. Finally, after many lines of research had proved abortive, the secret and the remedy were discovered to be comparatively simple. Some of the pastures were deficient in an essential salt. That caused the cattle ravenously to consume any fragment of bone or hide they came across, the putrefaction in which led to poisoning. The careful burying of all animals that died on the ranches, and the provision of the salt in which the pasture was deficient, worked wonders and saved large yearly losses.

And so on, in scores of directions, in the veterinary branch of the Agricultural Department a great work is continuously going on to trace cause and effect, and to study parasites of all kinds—a complicated work because, though some of the parasites may themselves be innocuous, they may carry other parasites that, at seasons, or in certain circumstances, are infectious.

Other branches of the department are occupied with experiments in breeding, to produce the most wool, the most milk, or the best bacon or beef, and with feeding experiments to determine which breeds are the most economical in the various localities.

No less valuable is the botanical work. It, also, is two-fold: on the one hand to combat plant diseases, and on the other to secure the greatest economy in plant production. In horticulture, for example, it is necessary to evolve a tree that will produce fruit of the desired size, colour and flavour, which is done by selective budding; and necessary also that the tree should be hardy and capable of producing average large crops, which is a matter of "stock" or root. Thus, in the orange industry, the lower half of the tree is usually a rough lemon, because it is hardy and active, capable of nourishing a heavy foliage while at the same time resisting soil diseases. But the upper half, or fruit-bearing branches of the tree, is usually grafted on from some pedigree strain such as the Washington Navel orange.

Again, in maize-growing, for instance, production could not have attained present dimensions unless science had improved on nature by evolving maize plants in sufficient variety of types to meet the variety of conditions in which maize is grown. Nature knows no *finesse*. The germ-containing pollen in a field, which fertilises the cobs and determines the nature of the grain that will form, is carried indiscriminately by wind and insects from one plant to another. In plant breeding, therefore, the scientist stops that. Before the pollen forms he uses a little paper bag to cover the tassel or flower, so that it cannot be naturally fertilised. To the protected plant he then conveys, on the tip of a camel-hair brush, pollen containing the properties he wishes to perpetuate or increase. Thus, if he wishes to produce a larger cob, or a cob with more rows of grain in it; or if he wishes to produce a plant that will mature in five instead of six months, or one that will resist drought, he sows his seed, fertilises the young flowering plants with selected pollen, and awaits the result. From the

best of the grain thus produced he makes another sowing, and repeats the general process. And so on, season after season, until by selection he has fixed type to reproduce truly, and has produced sufficient seed for distribution to the farmers.

These are only a few of many examples in support of the statement that science has done much for agriculture, especially in the last fifty years, and that modern farming is by no means an affair merely of bucolic herds and ploughmen. The knowledge gained on such lines as those just indicated is broadcast to the more progressive farmers by correspondence, bulletins, lecturers, and a demonstration train. So that, in addition to training men to become up-to-date farmers, the experts at the agricultural colleges do important work to help farmers already established.

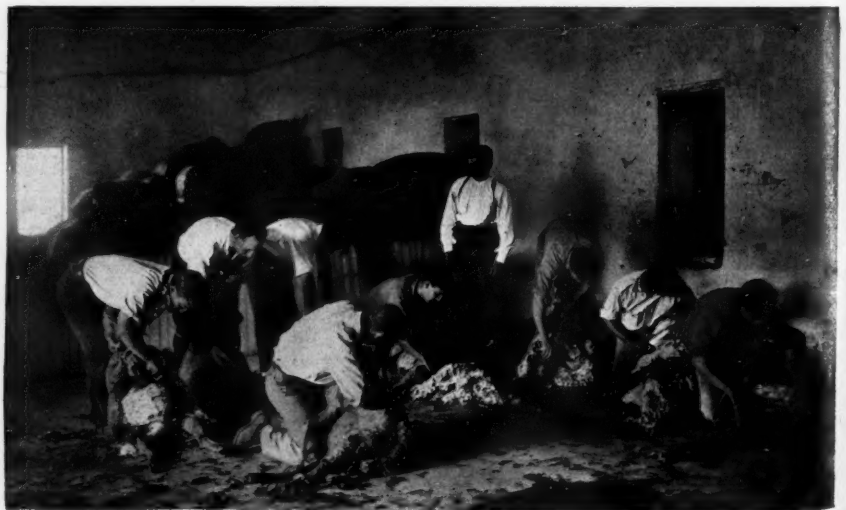
In the Union of South Africa there are five agricultural colleges, established and maintained by the State. They are really large country estates, the smallest being 2,000 acres and the largest 25,000 acres in area; and on each there are orchards, fields, plantations, flocks and herds, as well as laboratories, lecture rooms and well appointed hostels for the students.

The five agricultural colleges—or training and experimental estates, as they might be called—are several hundred miles from each other, and are so situated regionally that each of the five main divisions of climate, of soil, and of farming systems found in the Union of South Africa is served.

One of the colleges, Elsenburg, near Capetown, is in the region where most of the rain falls in winter, and where grapes, peaches, plums, pears, Turkish tobacco, wheat and various field crops for dairy cattle and hogs are grown. The other four colleges are in regions where rain falls mainly in summer, but where, nevertheless, there is considerable variation of farming conditions, mainly according to the altitude of the different localities and the volume and distribution of the rain that falls there. Each college serves a large area, at least in regard to research work, and so cannot have within its boundaries all the types of soil and climate found in the area served, but that is remedied by carrying out some of the experiments far afield from the colleges, generally in co-operation with established farmers. Thus Cedara, in Natal, though situated in a mild climate among the hills, where there are no extremes of heat or cold, serves on the one hand, the warm, humid area where sugar-cane, tropic fruits and cotton are grown, and, on the other hand, a highland area where severe frosts are common in winter, and all sorts of temperate crops as well as woolled sheep and cattle thrive.

Grootfontein is in that great zone known as the Karoo, and specialises in the farming of sheep, ostriches and angora goats. The Karoo is, on the whole, arid, but portions of it are exceptionally fertile when irrigated; consequently, at Grootfontein training is also given and research work is conducted in regard to crops irrigated from the large artificial lakes which are becoming such a feature in the drier portions of South Africa.

At Glen, in the Orange Free State, conditions are a sort of medium between those of Cedara and those of Grootfontein; and



FRACTISING HAND SHEARING.



Potchefstroom, in the Transvaal, is about the equivalent in the area of summer rainfall to Elsenburg in the area of winter rainfall.

The usual course of training at the agricultural schools, known as the diploma course, is of two years' duration, though a special practical course of one year is now provided. In either case the inclusive charge is £60 a year, for board, residence, laundry, medical attendance and tuition. It is a moderate charge that does not pay for the food consumed; but, obviously,

being taught seed selection, how to test it for germination, and how to prepare, plant, cultivate and harvest a field. The making of butter, cheese and bacon is also taught, with special attention to cleanliness, quality, grading, packing and marketing; for, though generally the farmer delivers his milk or cream to the factory where the cheese or butter is made, the more he knows about the making the more likely he is to fulfil standard requirements in the product he delivers, and so get a satisfactory price for it.

Rural economics also receive attention, the course including book-keeping and the proper checking of farm operations for profit and loss. For instance, on an up-to-date farm where costly cows are kept, an account is opened for every animal to which is credited not only the amount of milk obtained, but its quality as gauged from the periodical cream tests, so that it may from time to time be judged what profit such animal is yielding. The elementary principles of agricultural credit and co-operation are also taught, with regard to markets, prices and selling agents; and some insight is given into legislation as it affects land tenure, mortgages, fencing, labour, and responsibility for preventing the spread of disease or pests through neglect.

In fact, the student at a South African agricultural college acquires such training as, while it enables him to start farming operations with some confidence, is at the same time a groundwork for pursuing his studies, as there is always something to learn. Preferably, the learner should have some practical knowledge of farming

before entering the college for the diploma course of two years, as, when he has had first-hand experience of the realities and perplexities which face the farmer, he is certainly more apt to appreciate the purpose and utility of the instruction as outlined above. But for beginners who know nothing about farming, the special practical course of one year at the colleges serves the purpose, and many are availing themselves of that modified course with good results. And in addition, during the mid-winter and mid-summer vacations, there are courses of a week or two in duration for those who want as much training as can be obtained in such a time in some aspect of a subject—such as apiculture, poultry-keeping or wine-making.

It is, however, not all work at the agricultural schools. Usually there is a village or town within walking distance, in which amenities will be found; and some of the colleges have



THE NURSERY IN A SCHOOL OF FORESTRY.

it is of national importance that if a man is going to farm in South Africa he should be taught to farm properly, and the State is prepared to make some sacrifices for that.

The hours are from 6 a.m. to 6 p.m. in summer, and less in winter. Half the time of the student is devoted to theory, in the laboratory, lecture rooms and library, and half his time to practical work in the fields, orchards, pastures, the shop of the carpenter, blacksmith and saddler, and the stables and dairy.

It is true, and especially true in South Africa, with its black labourers, that the farmer who has the capital to start on a fair scale does not necessarily do manual work himself. But even if he is in a position to pay others to do it, so that his energies and thought may be devoted to more important matters on the farm, he should know how even the manual work should be done; and so at the agricultural school he is taught how to do things with his own hands. He is taught the use of farm implements, how to handle them in the field, and effect at least minor repairs when damage occurs. He is taught fencing, brickmaking, smithy work, and sufficient carpentry to conduct a little building on his own.

Special attention is, of course, given to soils, their different properties, how they are distinguished, their uses and their requirements in regard to fertilisers, water, ploughing and cultivating. Animal husbandry is another important study. The different breeds of cattle are considered, and their relative merits demonstrated as regards price, cost of maintenance, and yield. Then the methods of judging an animal are taught, and soon the agricultural student realises that there are rules for everything, and that the capacity of judging what a sheep, a horse or a cow is worth, and how to breed and feed live-stock to get the best return from them, is not an inborn gift so much as a matter of training.

The beginner has the opportunity to learn about the care and management of farm machinery—gas, oil and petrol engines, water-wheels, windmills and pumps. He is taught how to measure land, water and materials, plan lay-outs, and design and construct small irrigation works, and to use them to the best purpose. He is taught how to take the pulse and temperature of an animal, and at least the rudiments of how to cure and prevent common ailments in animals, causes, symptoms and treatment being described.

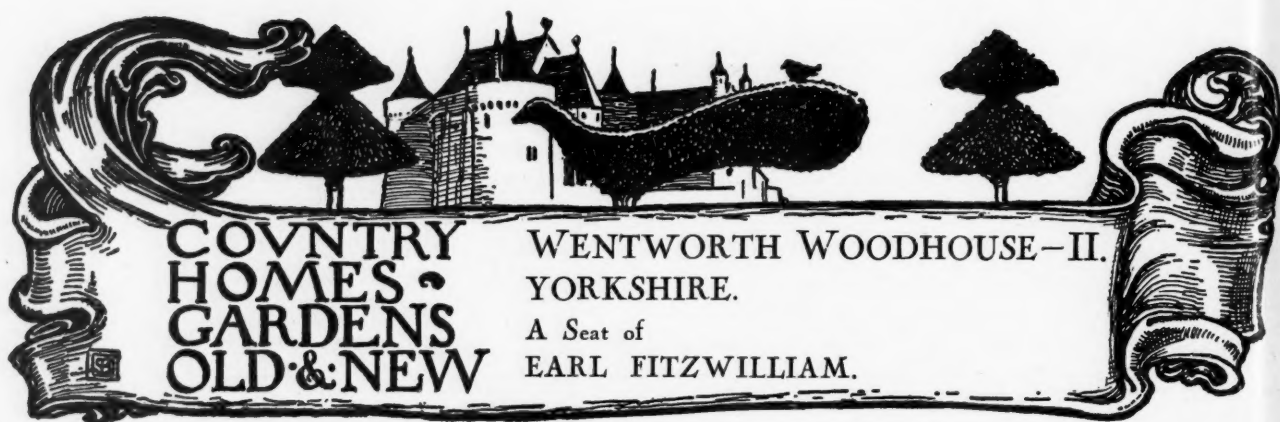
Then there are demonstrations in forestry, in orchard work, poultry farming, and in field crops such as maize, tobacco, lucerne, peanuts, sorghums, teff and various hays; the student



GENERAL VIEW AT POTCHEFSTROOM AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE.

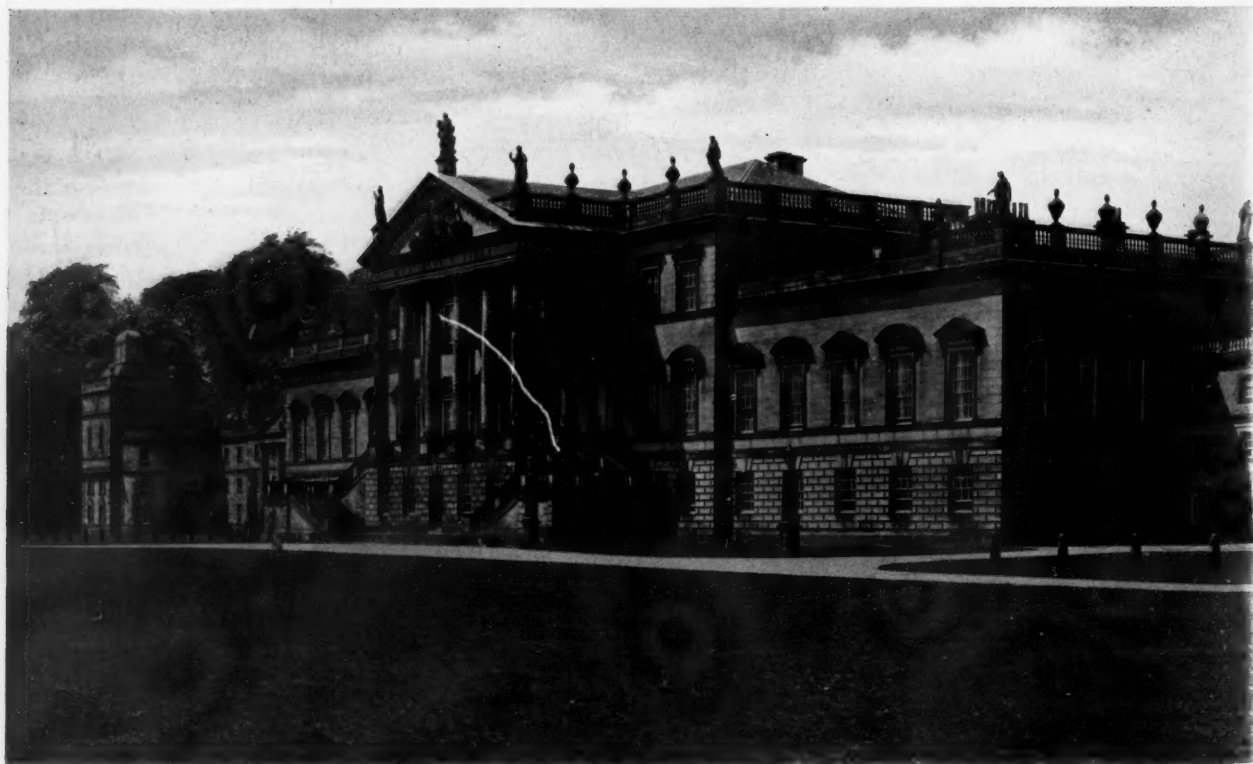
their own tennis courts, cricket and football field, and that greatest of all refreshments at the end of a hard day—a swimming bath.

The catering is supervised by a matron, and the cuisine is good farm fare—the fruit, vegetables, cream, eggs, butter, poultry, bread and meat used being produced at the college and being, therefore, plentiful and of prime quality. The student and the staff see to that.



**C**OLIN CAMPBELL, whose six-columned portico at Wanstead, for Lord Tilney, was his own and his contemporaries' admiration, was, as we know well, the first architect employed by Lord Burlington when he came of age in 1716 and enlarged his Piccadilly house. Campbell, who published the first volume of his "Vitruvius Britannicus" in 1717, remained the architectural head of the Burlingtonians until his death in 1729, by which time Kent was Burlington's intimate friend and chief architect. But Flitcroft was also being pushed forward. Born in 1697, and son of William III's gardener at Hampton Court, Henry Flitcroft was apprenticed to Thomas Morris, citizen and joiner of London, when he was fourteen, and became a freeman of the Joiners' Company when he was twenty-two. Tradition has it that, being employed at his craft at Burlington House and injuring himself by a fall from a ladder, he attracted the attention of the earl, who had returned from a second visit to Italy in 1718 and appears to have been busy with the decorations of Burlington House in the following year. That is probably when he came across Flitcroft and soon after got him a clerk's place in the Office of Works. Moreover, noticing his capacity as a draughtsman, he set him to make the drawings for the Inigo Jones volumes which, at his lordship's expense and under his guidance, Kent published in 1727. Burlington, it must be remembered, was a leading Yorkshire landowner and was apt to spend the summer months at his Yorkshire seat of Londesborough. What more likely, then, than that Lord Malton should consult this "Apollo of the Arts" as to the building of his grand east front, that Flitcroft should be recommended as a designer, and Wanstead taken as a type to be followed? Nor will Burlington's interposition have ended with these preliminary steps for, in his letter to Lord Carlisle, quoted last week, Sir

Thomas Robinson tells us that "The upright of the house will be in the same style as Lord Tilney's," and that "The whole finishing will be entirely submitted to Lord Burlington." It is clear that, when this letter was written in 1734, the centre block (Fig. 1), with its far-projecting columned pediment, was still under discussion as to final details, but that, anyhow, on the north side of it a good deal of building had already been done. We hear of an office court being finished, and that one of the five-windowed, two-storeyed sections, flanking the three-storeyed, nine-windowed centre, was "now just covered in." The offices begin on the ground (or, as they called it, "rustic") storey of the north five-windowed section, they occupy all the lower, recessed wing beyond, and they stretch back westward as far as the line of the garden front. It will have been the east part of all this that Robinson found in hand, the western parts being older and containing the offices in use when Robinson paid his six days' visit and found the Maltons living "as happily together, as easy to those with them, and with as much hospitality to their neighbours and goodness to their children and servants as in any house I ever was in." Next year he repeats his visit and finds that the chief building activity has been diverted from the east front to an area lying away south of the house. Close to the south end of the west front the ground rises sharply and forms an elevated plateau, of which the eastward boundary is about lineable with the east side of the south court, but which stretches a mile or so to the west, and has a southern bank with wide outlook over hill and dale some few hundred yards away from the house. Lord Carlisle had advised using this south bank as the line of an immense terrace, having the amenities of sunniness and prospect. Robinson finds, in 1735, that this advice has been taken. A massive retaining wall is being erected 1,500ft. long, having



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1.—CENTRE AND SOUTH WING OF THE EAST FRONT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."





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2.—THE PORTICO.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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3.—WITHIN THE PORTICO, LOOKING NORTH.

"C.L."



4.—THE DESCENT FROM THE PORTICO, LOOKING SOUTH.

a bastion at the east end and terminating at the west with one of the columnar, round temples such as Castle Howard and Duncombe also have, and which Robinson describes as a "Rotunda of the Ionic Order." The terrace is now backed by lofty lines of trees, behind which other plantations and shrubberies occupy the area up to the house and lawns, the whole certainly deserving Robinson's remark that he saw "one of the finest terraces in England" in the making. But the following summer, when again he is visiting the Maltons, he finds there has been trouble. All had been duly finished, when, as a consequence of heavy rain and flood, the "bastion came down," the disaster having occurred through "Mr. Tunnickliff having built it neither with cramps nor throughs." The consequent rebuilding had taken much of the time which the masons were to have devoted to laying the "foundation of the Hall," that is, the great room lying behind, and of the same width as, the great portico. Therefore, very little progress had been made with the east front since the "five windows" were "covered" in 1734.

The Mr. Tunnickliff whose carelessness in neither cramping together the stones of the bastion nor seeing that long stones were set inwards so as to reach through from front to back of the wall led to its collapse, was evidently a person of importance and responsibility. He must have been Flitcroft's understudy and have acted as resident architect, and so seriously did he estimate his value and position that a plate of the east front (Fig. 5), engraved by J. Pine, has at the left-hand corner the words, "R. Tunnickliff Architectus," just as the Holkham plans and elevations, engraved after Kent's death in 1749, ignore him and have Brettingham's name on them. But Tunnickliff signed the Wentworth plate, not only in Flitcroft's lifetime, but from the start, for the plate is dedicated to Baron Malton, and must date before his lordship was created Earl of Malton in 1733. The engraving shows that, as first erected, and seen by Sir Thomas Robinson in 1734, the office wings were two-storeyed buildings, with a high-roofed central section breaking the skyline, grouping well with the central pedimented block and the end towers, and forming a composition that, as the engraving informs us, "extends 606 feet." After succeeding his uncle in 1782, Earl Fitzwilliam had plans made by Carr of York for increasing the upstairs accommodation and giving a more architectural character to these wings. A storey was added and four engaged columns were set to support the pediments, which were re-edified to cover three instead of five windows (Fig. 6).

The building of the central block, the foundations of which Tunnickliff failed to lay in the winter of 1736 owing to the collapse of his terrace bastion, proceeded slowly, and the 1742 edition of Defoe's "Tour" substitutes the following description for that in the 1738 edition:

The Houfe with the additions lately made and now carrying on will extend 200 Yards in Front and is built in Imitation of Wanstead in Effex.

Even when Bishop Pococke was there in 1750 the interior was not completed, for he tells us:

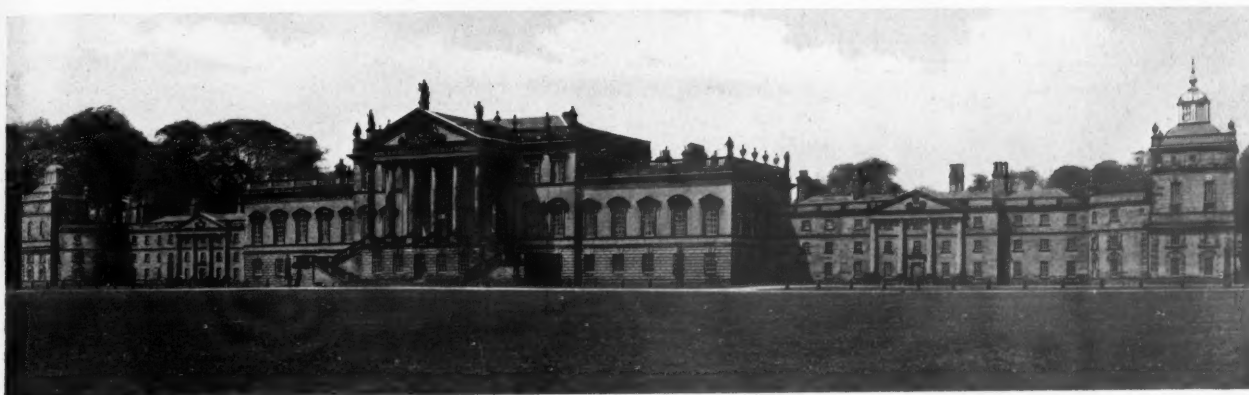
There is an ascent to the grand portico which is two pillars in depth, and leads to a saloon sixty feet square and 45 feet high on each side of which is a grand apartment of three or four rooms beside three or four lesser rooms behind them, none of which are finished.

Richard Pococke was a cleric whose comfortable Irish preferments, culminating in a bishopric, in no way hampered his love of travel. From his letters we can trace him about Italy in 1733, and about Germany in 1736. In the following year he started for Palestine, Syria and Egypt, and did not return home till 1742. He was Archdeacon of Dublin when, "by way of the Isle of Man," he reached Holyhead in June, 1750, and made a tour through England. He





5.—THE EAST FRONT BEFORE 1784.



6.—THE EAST FRONT, SINCE 1784.

reached Wentworth House on August 7th, was invited to dinner by the host, and "was engaged to stay there three days by the great civility and politeness of the marchioness." Lord Malton had succeeded to the headship of the Watson family and the barony of Rockingham, on the death of a cousin, in February, 1746, and two months later was created Marquess of Rockingham. Whether or not the father had undertaken the west side rebuilding, the son gave him no credit for it, since Pococke was informed that "the house, except a little piece of the old house, was all built by the present Marquis." Just as in Thoresby's day, thirty-nine years earlier, so in 1750 only gallery and library are mentioned, and the latter was not the one now occupying the three north rooms of the east front, but still in the older house, as both it and the gallery are said to "look backward into the garden," where, we are told:

is a lawn with four obelisks in it, a vista beyond them, and on each side high hedges, a wood, and a wilderness. The lawn extends to the left to a grand terrace which goes all round this improvement.

There he finds the Ionic temple and other buildings near it, such as an orangery and aviaries. All these had been there when Sir Thomas Robinson noted many species of birds "all magnificently lodged." But other and greater buildings had since been erected farther off. Away east, towards Rotherham, Pococke saw the wooded height, "on the summit of which the marquis has lately erected a pyramidal building very near an hundred feet high." The Whig lord had, no doubt, been as much alarmed at the Young Pretender's march to Preston as he was relieved by the battle of Culloden and the Peace of Aix la Chapelle. And so, over the door, Pococke tells us he read the words:

This Pyramidal Building was erected by his Majesty's most dutiful subject, Thomas Marquis of Rockingham &c. in grateful respect to the protector of our religion, laws,

and liberties, King George the Second, who by the blessing of God, having subdued a most unnatural rebellion in Britain, 1746, maintains the ballance of power and settles an honourable peace in Europe 1748.

A grotto and "a rustick Dorick octagon temple" lay in the same direction, but nearer the house. The latter was somewhat hidden by a rise of ground which it was proposed to lower "so as to open a view for three hundred yards, and in some parts eighteen feet in depth; but this is a work which, it is thought, may cost 10,000*l.*"—a sum that shows how astonishingly the financial position of the first Marquess of Rockingham differed from that of his great uncle, the second Earl of Strafford. Besides his immense house-building operations and his pyramidal offering to his King, he could indulge his wife in fashionable luxuries. A wood in a south-westerly direction from the house Pococke calls the improvement of the marchioness, and tells us that:

In it is an house with a large room, two smaller offices under, and here the family dine often in summer.

He tells us also of the kitchen garden with a greenhouse—

where they raise as good water melons as I have eaten abroad, and they have had the moseh in great perfection, which I met with in Egypt; they are here known by the name of bananah.

There being no gravel in the district, most paths were made "of sand, a red cinder of coals, and the spar of the lead mines." This did well enough, but the large walk behind the house is of "gravel brought from Blackheath, near Greenwich." Everything was already on a grand scale and in the newest manner, except "the large stable offices, which are old," and this defect was to be remedied by the young heir, whom Pococke describes as "near of age abroad," but who, only four months later, succeeded his father as second marquess. His first task at



7.—THE TOP OF THE SOUTH TOWER.



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## 8.—THE PILLARED HALL OR ARCADE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

It is entered through the doorway below the portico. At the end is seen the segmental staircase rising to the great hall, or saloon, above.



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## 9.—THE SHIP ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Called a "supping-room" in 1768. It lies to the left of the arcade. It is 30ft. by 22ft.



Wentworth was the completion of the great east building, wherein Arthur Young still found craftsmen at work in 1768, and in a note tells us that "His Lordship is building a most magnificent pile of stabling" having eighty-four stalls and forming a dignified quadrangle which the visitor passes on his right as he approaches the house from the Wentworth village entrance to the park.

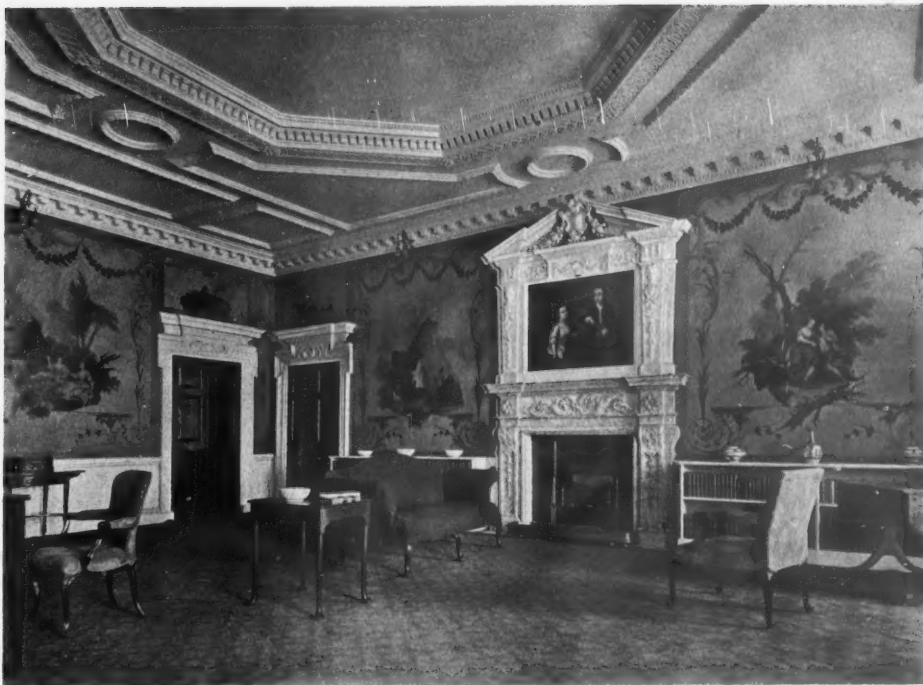
Arthur Young, the greatest farming authority of his generation, went on a six months' agricultural tour through the Northern Counties in 1768. Although his main object was kept well in view, he permitted himself observations on some of the chief seats he came across, and his description of Wentworth House and its environment is so detailed and precise that it gives us a full picture of the place as it was made and left by the Watson owners. A man of outdoor tastes and entirely under the influence of the alandscape and picturesque school that had become dominant, he devotes a dozen pages to the immense lay-out which he considers—

if anything, more noble than the edifice itself; for, which way soever you approach, very magnificent woods, spreading waters and elegant temples break upon the eye at every angle.

He found that the marquess was "at present laying out" a new road, entering his domain near Rotherham and designed to form "a continued landscape as beautiful as can be conceived" up to the house. The "inconceivable magnificence" of the conjunction of "improved" woods and waters, hills and dales, with the various architectural features set about among them and apparently rather more numerous than at the time of Pococke's visit, lifts him off his feet into a sort of Olympian radiance. We are told that from one point—

There is an immense prospect of vast valleys all scattered with villages, with elegantly cultivated hills arising on every side to the clouds: The house appears in the center of nine or ten vast hanging and other woods, which have a genuine magnificence more noble than can easily be conceived. The pyramid and temples are finely scattered over the scene, and give it just the air of liveliness which is consistent with the grandeur of the extent. This view is perhaps the most beautiful in *Yorkshire*; for the house, park, and woods form a circular connected landscape, more elegantly beautiful than the brightest paintings of *Zuccarelli*; and more noble than the grandest of *Poussin's* ideas; while the surrounding country exhibits *Arcadian* scenes smiling with cultivation, and endless in variety.

Another "astonishing prospect" is from the top of the pyramid, and it is with a sense of bathos that we next read that near



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10.—THE PAINTED DRAWING-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Wall paintings on canvas stretched on frames. It is 33ft. by 25ft., and lies beyond the Ship Room.



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11.—CHIMNEYPIECE IN THE PAINTED DRAWING-ROOM.

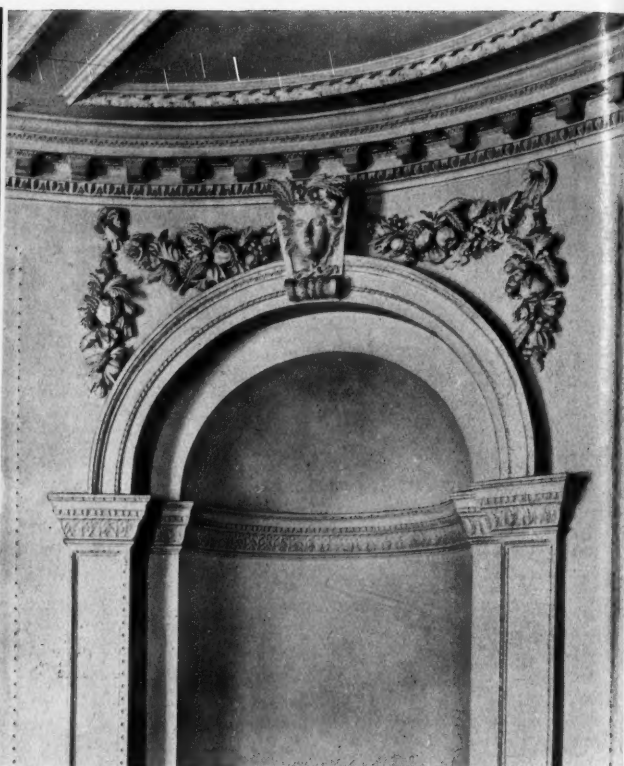
"C.L."



12.—THE EAST SIDE OF THE LOW DRAWING-ROOM.

its foot is a "neat room where Lady *Rockingham* sometimes drinks tea." This building was, of course, quite distinct and, indeed, far away from the "improvement" of the first marchioness, which Young describes as—

A neat house for repasts in hot weather. The dining-room is 32 feet by 16, very neatly fitted up, the chimney-pieces of white marble of an elegant simplicity; the bow-window remarkably light and airy: Adjoining is a little drawing-room hung with



13.—DETAIL OF WOOD CARVING ABOVE ONE OF THE NICHES.

India paper, and a large closet with bookcases; beneath are a kitchen and other offices.

This "scene of elegant retirement" is in a wood "cut into winding walks," one of which leads to—

a little light *Chinefe* building of a very pleasing design, it is stocked with *Canary* and other foreign birds, which are kept alive in winter by means of hot walls at the back of the building.



Copyright.

14.—THE LOW DRAWING-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Called "dining-room" in 1768. It is 36ft. by 25ft., and occupies the south-east corner of the centre block.



When you come out of this elaborated grove there is "variation at once."

Your eye rises over a prodigious fine bank of wood to the Ionic temple which here seems dropt by the hand of Grace in the very spot where Taffe herself would wish it to be seen.

Of the house itself, Young, while full of eulogium, gives a more practical description. He considers that, as to the centre of the east elevation, "nothing in architecture can be finer. The portico with its magnificent pillars is lightness and elegance itself" (Fig. 2.) He especially praises the "happy effect" of the bold projection which, "when viewed aflant from one side, admits the light through the pillars" (Fig. 3). There had been criticism adverse to the raising of these pillars on "pedestals" set up on the top of the "rustic" floor, against the rule that "the pedestal of a column ought to be fixed on the ground alone." But Young quite rightly observes that, as a balustrade was essential to safety, it was much better that this should abut against the bases or pedestals rather than against the shafts "which hurts the beauty of their proportion."

The whole 600ft. length of the east building is of dressed stone, of the fine quality that Yorkshire produces. The west front, however, as was recognisable in last week's illustrations, uses stone only for the three-windowed centre and as dressings to the highly finished, 2½ in. thick bricks of the general walling. This treatment returns into the south court where it meets the somewhat rougher brick of the seventeenth century building, which, however, for what was no doubt its principal elevation to the east, now half buried in the middle court, was wholly composed of dressed stone.

Returning to the east front, we find Arthur Young entering the house by the ground floor door below the portico, and we will accompany him. He finds himself in what he calls "a very large arcade," that is, a spacious undercroft, 14ft. high, with rows of plain Doric columns supporting the floor of the vast hall or saloon that occupies the like central position on the *piano nobile* above, access to which is through the archway at the end opposite the entrance door and up the stairs, the first flight of which is seen in the illustration (Fig. 8). As this stair is nowhere mentioned by Arthur Young, but only one on the right of the arcaded hall, we may conclude that it was not there in 1768, a conclusion strengthened by the ironwork of the balustrade, as we shall see next week.

This ground floor hall or arcade is on the same scheme as the earlier one at Ragley and that at Houghton (which, although narrower, is longer), and there, as here, offices lay to the right, but, to the left, the suite of living-rooms designed for the use of the family when alone. Thus, we read in Young:

On the left of this arcade is the common apartment; first, a supping-room, 30 by 32 and 14 high; a drawing-room 33 by 25; and anti-room to the dining room, and the dining room 36 by 25.

The corresponding rooms at Houghton were known, in Sir Robert Walpole's time, as the supping-parlour, breakfast-room

and hunting hall; but at both houses there is now a different nomenclature. Thus, William Dickie—for long clerk of the works at Wentworth, but now succeeded by his son—described, in a paper written in 1893, the same rooms as follows:

To the left of the Hall is the Ship Room, in which are paintings of numerous vessels including his lordship's yacht, the "Kathleen." From this room the Painted Drawing-room is entered. The walls of this apartment are covered with artist's canvas, and painted with various figure subjects and scrollwork. Passing through a small Ante-Room, the Low Drawing Room is reached. Here the walls are lined up to the cornice with wooden panelling having raised carved mouldings.

The Ship Room (Fig. 9) is simpler in get-up than the others. Its features are the quiet enrichment of the chief ceiling members, of the cornice of the panelled walls, of the between-window mirror, and, especially, of the chimneypiece; that is of grey marble with a draped female mask of white marble in the frieze. That and the broken architrave are very reminiscent of Inigo Jones and Webb, many of whose designs we have seen Kent and Flitcroft using for the Inigo Jones volumes. A similar design in the same materials was used by Ripley for the Wolterton dining-room, dating from about 1742. Over the chimneypiece in the Ship Room is an enriched frame containing a family portrait, such as we also find, with greater elaboration, in the next two rooms. In the Painted Drawing-room (Fig. 10) this feature (Fig. 11), with its broken pediment, stands over a grey-streaked white marble chimneypiece with a pure white frieze panel having rich foliated scrolls terminating centrally with eagle heads coupled together by a ducal coronet. The chimneypiece and the six doorways will have been set in place after the wall paintings were fixed, for they are all—whether occupying large surfaces, as between doors, or small ones above doors—painted on frames made to fit the room, but probably executed in France, for they have Watteau-like subjects surrounded with garlands and arabesque scrolls painted in colour on a creamy grey ground.

Passing through the little antechamber, we find ourselves in the end room of this suite, having south as well as east windows, for, as the first illustration shows, the wings are so recessed as to admit of three windows on each return of the five-windowed end sections of the central block. Here there is considerable elaboration; the carved woodwork of the overmantel (Fig. 14) and of the corner niches (Fig. 13) that flank it shows that there were still wood carvers who could produce fruit and flower swags of much the same character and lightness as Grinling Gibbons had done. Between the two east windows is a typical mirror and side table (Fig. 12), quite in the manner that prevailed during the period of Kent's ascendancy, but free from his particular idiosyncrasies of design.

Such are the ground-floor rooms to the left of the arcade. To the right of it are offices which we need not visit, and we will defer ascending the stairs to the *piano nobile* until next week.

H. AVRAY TIPPING.

## A MASTER OF GAME

A Game Ranger's Note Book, by A. Blayney Percival. (Nisbet, 18s. net.)

**D**URING the thirty years Mr. A. Blayney Percival spent in Africa, including twenty-two in the Game Department of what is now the Kenya Colony, he amassed a wealth of information about the natural history of big-game that must surely be unrivalled. He had every qualification to do so, being as much of a naturalist as a sportsman, and one who fell into the ways of Africa as if he had been born to do so. His book, no doubt, owes a great deal to the editorship of Mr. E. D. Cuming, as Mr. Percival was a greater adept with the gun than with the pen. He stood in a double relationship to the wild life of East Africa. It was his primary business to control it, but he actually loved the lions with which he had so many dangerous quarrels, and was delighted with the ways of the many cubs that he reared. These were more mischievous than puppies, and he found them very expensive in one respect. Their sense of humour led them often to wait till the table was laid for a meal, when they would seize a corner of the cloth and walk away with it, bringing everything down with a crash. Clothes hanging on a line to dry were splendid playthings for them; the result was rags. The cubs to which allusion is made were being kept as a present for the Maharajah of Gwalior, but the plan was rather interrupted by the adventure of a very reverend gentleman. He misunderstood the intentions of the three lions, all bigger than

retriever dogs, who rose to receive him. Sir Donald Stewart was Commissioner of East Africa, and he sent word that the lions must go—as he put it, "You can easily get more cubs, but we could never get another bishop." Mr. Percival's observation of the lion whelps helped him greatly to understand the manœuvres of their untamed elders. The lion he regards as king of beasts, but, in his experience, it often became a victim in its fights with other animals. Sometimes one got killed by a buffalo when several lions had joined in the attack; another was found with its skull crushed by some terrific blow, most likely the kick of a zebra, but possibly that of a giraffe. Another lion, from the tracks around its corpse, seemed to have been killed by an eland, an animal that does not excel as a fighter, but, if he did get in one home thrust with his great weight behind, another would not be needed. When Mr. Percival was asked the best rifle for shooting lions his stock reply was, "The heaviest rifle you can handle under the circumstances." He shot mostly with a Westley-Richards .265, but it was only because this was the most powerful rifle he could handle under his particular circumstances. His favourite shot was at the bones of the shoulder, the object being to try to cripple the animal at once. He is all for crippling a lion as soon as possible, because, if shot through the heart, it will charge a short distance. He instances a case that occurred on the Athi, when a lioness whose heart was fairly torn up charged for about twenty yards and pulled a man down. The chapter on "Galloping Lion" is

very exciting. The best story is that of an adventure that occurred at Nine Mile Camp, where the late Lord Waterford and the Hon. Cyril Ward were spending Christmas and invited him to join them. The hunting with thirteen lions in front forms a thrilling incident.

The chapter about leopards contains much curious information and a still more curious story. It is of a man who owned a tame leopard, and after he had chained the beast as usual and had gone to sleep, was awakened by some animal moving about the room. Knowing that a leopard may be dependable by day but savage at night—

... he gripped the kiboko, thrashed the beast thoroughly, driving it from his room and through the house to the back. Then, having given the leopard a severe lesson, he laid aside the whip and went to fasten him up again. To his utter amazement he found his own pet safely chained! He realised then that he had been flogging a wild leopard.

It took some time to recover from the shock of the adventure.

Our author has great respect for the killing power of the hunting dogs which are distributed throughout the whole of the game hunting country of British East Africa. He says:

I once saw a pack of thirty or forty dogs pull down a kongoni, which animal weighs from 250 to 300 lb. They seemed to stay hardly more than seconds over the kill, yet when we came up there was practically nothing left. I do not think a granti buck would detain a pack of fifteen more than five minutes.

Of the sport of chasing them, he says:

With a fairly fast pony, and on good ground, hunting dogs can be easily overtaken and shot with a pistol, or, if you prefer, with a rifle, jumping down when within range and taking a running shot. But you must seize your chance. I have always found that, however they may be pressed, though one rode within three lengths of them, they always had a little bit in hand, enough for another 100 yards sprint. You may overtake them thus again and again, but their staying power is so great that they can outlast any pony ever foaled.

Of the hyænas our author has little good to say, and yet considers their voice as the most typical of African sounds. It is blood-curdling and hideous, though "far more hateful is the noise traditionally called his 'laugh.'" Still, he is African, and that counts for much to a lover of Africa. He says:

In Nairobi they may be heard every night round the town, and they make scavenging excursions right through the streets, as I understand jackals do in Indian towns; and they are very bold. A few years ago a hyæna or hyænas entered my store-house, and in one night carried off eight large skins.

The relations of the native to the hyæna are founded on a gross superstition which is probably due to "some confused idea of transmigration involved with this form of sepulture"—that is to say, the habit of laying out their dead where the hyænas can find and eat them.

From the chapter on elephants it will be sufficient to quote a few lines on elephant roads, which also help to carry one back to Africa:

The finest roads I know are those in Kenya. Some of these are really marvels: ground beaten flat and smooth, all branches and overgrowth cleared away—eaten by the passing beasts, I apprehend, for the elephant is always feeding. Now and again you may have to cut away a branch which is too stiff to tempt elephant appetite and not stiff enough to hinder his passage, or cut through a fallen tree-trunk, over which elephants, but not mules, can step, but that is all. On an elephant road you may travel in the comfortable certainty that where it leads, pack animals and porters with loads on their heads, can go with perfect ease. Other wild animals use these roads regularly, one reason for their patronage being that sooner or later they lead to water.

Much has been written about hippo, but our author is able to add a chapter of very great charm. Of particular interest is the long passage describing a favourite dormitory of the animals. The first he saw taking their ease recalled Darby and Joan, and he was able to take a very fine photograph of the two great animals in their covert of reeds. Others soon began to arrive:

It was a wonderful sight. They came singly, in twos and threes, old and young, and they laid them down in a mass, literally in heaps, for it seemed the recognised thing that they should use each other as cushions. They lay there in the sun like dead things—at least, the old ones did. The calves were less reposeful, walking round about and over and among their seniors, and small blame to their restlessness. If a little fellow did lie down, a big one always came and sat on him; it was manifestly hippo tradition to use the children as pillows. Down the big one would go atop of the unfortunate toto, and then a pardonable tempest of squeals from the half-crushed sufferer till he succeeded in wriggling clear of the ponderous mass, which took not the slightest notice of his screams and struggles. Having escaped, the little one would shuffle about a bit, then, finding himself comfy, go to sleep.

It was at once the most charming and comical scene of animal life I have ever witnessed.

Much might be said of the other animals dealt with—buffalo, giraffe, swine, zebra, kudu, bongo and eland; but we have said enough to give our sporting readers some indication of the sort of stuff for which they may look in this closely packed book of experience with big game.

**A Boy in the Bush**, by D. H. Lawrence and M. L. Skinner. (Secker, 7s. 6d.)

AS Alice would say, it gets curiousest and curiousest and still curiousest, this book *A Boy in the Bush*. A careful student of Mr. Lawrence might tell accurately where his curious mind stops and the curiousest one of the unknown M. L. Skinner chips in. The dark, passionate and earthy introspective nature of D. H. Lawrence is here wedded to an unidentified writer who is probably and perhaps certainly a native-born Australian. The "Boy in the Bush," called Jack, is surely Mr. D. H. Lawrence, a fascinating youth who is sent out from England, having been expelled from school, to make good in the Never-Never Land. He finds himself on a farm among a family of relatives whose individual traits and charm made the desert blossom for him as for us. A wonderful family—the elf-boy Len, the yellow-eyed Monica, the slow and steady Jim, the patient tired Mother and the fantastic genius called Gran, the ancient head of the clan, who has to die at last. It is like nothing we have ever read of Mr. Lawrence's. "Lennie came out of the room, sniffing and wiping his eyes with his knuckles. 'Poor ol' gal,' he sniffed. 'She do look frail. She's almost like a little girl again.'

"'You don't think she's dying, do you, Len?' asked Jack. 'I don't think, I know,' replied Len with the utmost scorn. 'Sooner or later she's bound to go hence and be no more seen. But she'll be missed, for many a day, she will.'

"'But, Tom,' said Jack, 'Do you think Gran will like to have all the relations sniffing around her when she gets worse?'

"'I should think so,' replied Tom. 'Anyway, I should like to die respectable, whether you would or not.'

"Jack gave it up. Some things were beyond him, and dying respectable was one of them.

"'Like they do in books,' said Len, seeing that Jack disapproved and trying to justify Tom's position. 'Even ol' Nelson died proper. 'Kiss me, 'Ardy,' he said, and 'Ardy kissed him, grubby and filthy as he was. He could do no less, though it was beastly.'

The delightful imp, Len, is allowed to slip out of the story, but the characters of the three boys are delineated in the conversation. Jack wanted freedom in Australia. All Mr. Lawrence's power and passion and desire to show the real man unobscured by convention, defiant of all the dull interpretations of life called civilisation, is found in the fashion he develops Jack. There is remarkable power if only the reader could believe Jack. Lord of Death, Lord of these dark Halls he would be; is it possible to let Jack almost meet death in the horror and loneliness of the Bush and come back to life determined to be master? There were two forces there of which Rochefoucauld wrote, "Death and the sun are not to be looked at steadily." Having gone through that, the bias of Mr. Lawrence's mind permits to Jack no greater ambition than the longing to possess two wives. He justifies himself by quoting Scripture, the triumphant maleness of Old Testament patriarchs, surrounded by wives, flocks and children—Jack's ideal in the Never-Never Land. Though he is balked by the girl he selects as a second wife in the very plain-speaking courtship that appeals to Mr. Lawrence, we are not left without hope of a sequel. Jack rides away on his red horse towards his wife and the goldfields, followed by the dazzled eyes of a young virgin who has heard his gospel without dismay. At the bottom of the glittering cup of life, Mr. Lawrence presents to us not what he exalts as the dark perfection of death, but only the disaster of abandoned egotism and the increasing captivity of the soul. "In this draught," he cries, "is Freedom." Youth, alas! will believe it for a while. Were it not for these final conclusions the book would be a fine one.

**The Little French Girl**, by Anne Douglas Sedgwick. (Constable, 7s. 6d.)

WHEN I had finished Mrs. Sedgwick's new novel and looked back over my impressions of it I was surprised to realise how slight was the story she had to tell. The manner of its telling, and the concern I had felt for the people in it, held me absolutely until I closed the book. In fact, her story is a very simple love story complicated by the hero's loyalty to the woman he had worshipped hopelessly since he was a boy of fifteen and by the fact that the little French girl's mother, charming, beautiful and clever as she is, has put herself outside the pale of the safe and respected life in which she longs to see her daughter established. What makes the book so extraordinarily good and absorbingly interesting is the exquisite skill with which the characters are individualised. They stand self-poised, not so much in high relief, as clear of any background—though beautifully the background is touched in—and each rings true to every word and action of his or her own being. Alix, the little French girl herself, is the best of all, absolutely French, absolutely individual, absolutely complete; but her mother, Mme. Vervier, is wonderful too. Her disregard for the moral code brings sorrow to everyone whose life touches her own, and yet it is difficult not to agree with Giles when he says: "She's wrong, but she's not wicked. She's lovely and unfortunate and wrong." The social implications occasioned by Mme. Vervier's way of life, the reactions both in France and England upon Alix, her gradual realisation of what her mother is and her tender and unflinching love for her are all parts of a whole which make up a most attractive novel. As an estimate of the differences between French and English character alone it is well worth reading. It is at once delicately touched in, slight in action and strong in its truth to life and character, so that it is to be recommended to all those readers who do not put incident in the forefront of what they require of a novel. S.

**Great Meddow**, by Helen Hamilton. (Basil Blackwood, 4s. 6d. net.)

MISS HAMILTON'S little book looks very restful in its binding of green, suggestive of fields and trees and placid uneventful villages. And there is an agreeable, Cranfordian touch about some of these "studies of village life." She gives no quite definite clue to the county in which her Great Meddow lies, but from fleeting hints and from the language her villagers talk we should guess it to be in Berkshire. At any rate, it is somewhere remote and solitary where "the pictures" have not yet penetrated. We feel sure, as we read, that the studies are true to life, but now and again we also feel that the authors, if we may so express it, has spread her jam a little too thin on her bread.



The annual outing, the fête, the "social," have each, for instance, a chapter to themselves, and there is rather too much likeness between them. We grow a little tired, too, now and then of her habit of writing throughout of her villagers as "we." Of the various studies, we like best that of "Our Emporium," in which nobody, least of all the people who keep the shop, know where anything is. "I seed you put un be'ind they biscuit tins yesterday," somebody suggests. "No 'tworn't. On top shelf among they pots of jam, *that's* where I seed you put un yesterday," comes the correction. The flavour of the book is sometimes a little mild, but it is never anything but pleasant.

READERS in England will be grateful for a cheap edition of Mrs. Wharton's short and perfectly conceived romance, *Ethan Frome* (Nash and Grayson, 3s 6d.). We may compare it with "The Scarlet Letter" for its poignancy and delicacy, or for its method of narration with "Wuthering Heights." The small canvas on which Mrs. Wharton has indelibly impressed her creation is as true as those named. A village in Massachusetts, a primitive community, small, isolated, crude, provided all the *dramatis personæ* for the tragedy of *Ethan Frome*. English readers who have hitherto missed it should read at once this brief and intense tale.

## ON GROUSE AND GROUSE SHOOTING IN ALBERTA

ALBERTA is exceptionally fortunate in its grouse population and can lay claim to about a dozen species and sub-species. These are widely distributed, and there is no part of the province in which shooting of one variety or another is not to be obtained. The handsome large mountain bird, the blue or Richardson's grouse, characteristic of British Columbia, is probably the least known in Alberta.

The willow ptarmigan migrates from the far north and comes into the northern parts of the province in some numbers, if often too late for the shooting season, never too late to be shot. It is a great wanderer, and there are several records of it from various parts of the States. Our other ptarmigan, the white-tailed, a small species, is resident and abundant in the mountains.

Two other species of grouse, Franklin's and the spruce partridge, both inhabitants of the coniferous woods, have a rather puzzling distribution in the province. Both are abundant and not dissimilar in appearance and habits. Both are known by the very apt name of "fool hen," an appellation that strictly belongs to the first. The term has its origin in the fact that the birds are so ridiculously tame that they will permit themselves to be clubbed to death or shot at time after time without troubling to seek safer quarters. The story told by G. B. Grinnell is an excellent illustration of this foolishness. A bad rifle shot tried to kill a fool-hen sitting in a spruce tree. After many attempts he hit one leg, the bullet cutting it right off. The partridge merely shifted its weight on to the remaining leg to await its death a few shots later.

Another grouse of the woods is the ruffed grouse, popularly known as "partridge." It occurs wherever there are trees

and brush and does not object to cultivation provided the ground is not completely cleared of wood. It is one of the most extensively shot game birds in Alberta, and its habits here make interesting comparison with its ways in the east, where it is generally less abundant and extremely wary and offers sport of the best sort. Here it comes nearer the fool-hen in its ways, and, when perched in a tree, where it cannot be walked up, has to be induced to fly with the aid of missiles if one

wants a sporting target. Unfortunately, the average partridge "hunter" prefers them sitting, for he is all too often out for meat and not for sport. I have known seven partridges to be killed out of the same tree one after the other. How long it will take the ruffed grouse of Alberta to learn the wisdom of its eastern brethren remains to be seen.

The ruffed grouse is one of the characteristic inhabitants of the woods. It is almost impossible to take an early morning walk through wooded country and not to hear its drumming. And the bird is so confiding that the drummer often can not only be heard but watched. The performance is a remarkable one. The bird, almost invariably standing on a log, goes through movements that remind one of the actions of a duck sitting on a pond and airing its wings with repeated beats, with no intention of flying; but with each beat of the partridge's wing there is a loud thump. The interval between the first two is quite a long one, the next is shorter, the next shorter still, and so on, the last few coming in extremely rapid succession. From a distance the drumming of the partridge sounds very much like the starting up of a motor engine.

Another characteristic habit of this bird is the adoption of the attitude depicted in one of the accompanying sketches. The bird draws itself out to the most extreme length and sits perfectly motionless if suddenly surprised. It presents the most curious etiolated appearance, which, however, is most effective as a means of protection. Not only is it motionless, but its thin, long body harmonises so well with the tree trunks



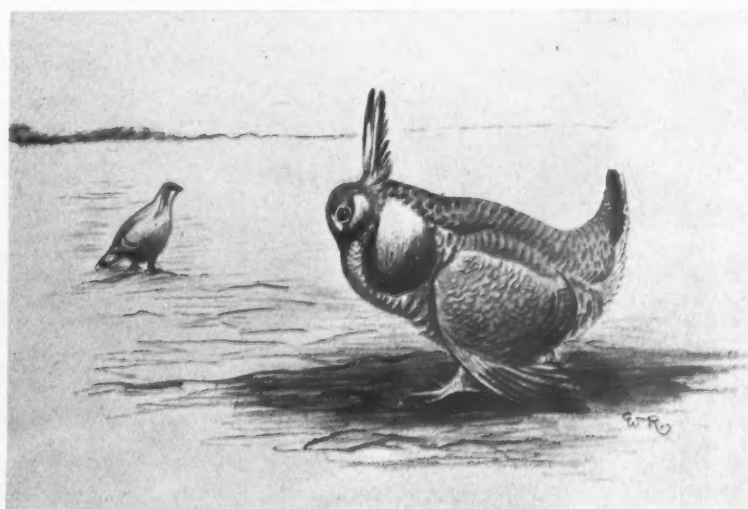
RICHARDSON'S OR BLUE GROUSE.



RUFFED GROUSE, OR PARTRIDGE.



PINNATED GROUSE, AIR-SAC PARTIALLY DEFLATED.



PINNATED GROUSE BOOMING.

around it that it very easily escapes observation. The flight of the bird is very precipitate and rapid, and when it does take to wing it offers a really sporting target.

There remain two more grouse for mention, the sharp-tailed and the pinnated. Both are known by the name of "prairie chicken" or just "chicken," but the real owner of the name is the latter. In Alberta the pinnated has always been rare and very local. At present it is spreading slowly, but its correct name is already in use, for it is universally applied to the sharp-tail.

Chicken shooting is the most uncertain form of sport. The birds appear to be very erratic in their behaviour. Although

fond of brush, they are essentially birds of the open. The season generally lasts only for a fortnight, and if one happens to strike a locality in which the birds have not been regularly shot for weeks before the season has officially opened, one generally finds them very tame and approachable.

So much so, in fact, that it is quite customary for habitual partridge shooters to spend the first day of the grouse season chicken shooting while they can yet depend on sitting shots. Later, or in districts where shooting has been illegally in progress for some time, the birds may become excessively wild and quite unapproachable in the open fields that they always frequent at this time of year. The most cautious tactics may be of no avail. Scrubby country and a good dog are, perhaps, the surest combination for good chicken shooting. And an excellent combination they are, too.

A curious feature about chicken is this: no matter how wild they may prove if one attempts to follow them up, if one happens to be in the line of flight of an approaching flock, the birds come on as though one were not there. I have noticed this a number of times. On just such a day, when it has proved impossible to get near them, I have got as many as seven towards the legal day's limit of ten, dropped out of passing flocks. Another day I found myself so suddenly and unexpectedly in the middle of a flock of some eighty birds, shooting past like stones in a hailstorm, some apparently missing my head by inches, that I failed to fire the gun at all.

When sharp-tails are tame they are very tame. The accompanying sketch illustrates a characteristic pose. Whether perched on the top of a stook or wandering through the stubble, on being approached the birds crane their necks to the greatest length and swing the head from side to side as though trying to determine exactly what is coming. They are very fond of grain fields.

The pinnated grouse is larger than the sharp-tail. Both species indulge in the most extravagant spring antics, but the former, with his long pinnates and large air sacs, presents the more grotesque appearance. The birds collect in large flocks, and the males, particularly in the early mornings, enjoy their weird dances. There appears to be but little fighting. The same ground is used year after year and, apparently—with the probable exception of July and August—in any month of the year, though the habit is most pronounced and regular in the spring.

The loud booming produced carries for long distances. It can easily be heard four miles away over water if the morning be still. It is of much the same general quality as the hoot of the tawny owl. When one has heard it only from a great distance, one naturally infers that it must be of tremendous volume. Such is, however, not the case, for when heard for the first time at close quarters it sounds but so slightly louder than it does from a distance that one could never guess the bird's proximity were one not previously aware of it.



FOOL HEN.



PARTRIDGE ALARMED.



PARTRIDGE STRUTTING.



SHARP-TAILED GROUSE (CHICKEN) ON THE ALERT.



WILLOW PTARMIGAN.



All our grouse pass through cycles of scarcity and abundance. This is particularly marked in the case of the chicken and partridge. About every ten years grouse shooting is closed for two or three seasons owing to scarcity of birds. At those times one may spend a week in the country and not see a single grouse of any kind. Although conditions are so different here from

those obtaining on British grouse moors, all the evidence points to grouse disease as the main factor in reducing the stock. The regularity of the cycles seems to suggest that an over-abundance of birds in the fat years is the fundamental cause of the trouble rather than climatic conditions. The question offers a most useful and interesting field for investigation. WILLIAM ROWAN.

## THE END of the GOLFER'S HOLIDAY

BY BERNARD DARWIN.

**A** DELIGHTFUL artist, who amuses us with his pictures for six days of every week in every year, gave us last week a pathetic series representing the end of the holidays. A small boy was shown doing everything for the very last time, from the last bathe to the last cinema, and in each picture his eyes grew rounder and sadder, his tears larger. I do not remember that there was a picture



Mlle. SIMONE DE LA CHAUME.

Who won the Girls' Championship at Stoke Poges by the best golf yet seen in this competition, and may be the future Mlle. Lenglen of golf.

of him playing his last round of golf, but at this moment many little boys and many grown-ups, too, are engaging in that tragic ritual, and it occurred to me, who have often written articles of gloating anticipation on the beginning of a golfing holiday, to shed a valedictory tear over its ending.

Fortunately, it is not quite so sad as it sounds. There is generally a measure of compensation. I remember very well a summer holiday of my own, when I was about nine years old, that ended in a perfect blaze of glory. At the ninth hole at Felixstowe there was

a carry over a road and a bunker beyond it. I suppose it may have been seventy or eighty yards, but the exact distance is wrapped in a rosy haze. At any rate, I had never carried it: my best tee shots always went plump into the bunker. And now with my very last drive of the last round of the last day I sent the ball soaring over it with several feet to spare. It was the supreme moment of a golfing lifetime never to be repeated, and as the train steamed away next morning I could say *Nunc dimittis* with a single heart. It never can happen again, and grown-up golfers must look elsewhere for less ecstatic sources of consolation. One of them can often be found in the subtle and devastating disease known as staleness. It is only those with wonderful strength or wonderful self-control who have not overplayed themselves by the end of a holiday. For the last few days we have felt rather jaded and creaking. We have found it harder and harder to fling ourselves at the ball with real zest, and have had to pretend that we are taking it easy and not pressing from a deliberate wisdom. We may have been hitting the ball with some mechanical accuracy just because our eye is in, but the careless rapture of slashing has departed, and in our hearts we know that we want a rest. And so we can pack not ungratefully under the fond delusion that a few days of repose in an office will bring back the lost sting without impairing the accuracy.

Another source of consolation may be found in the fact that our individual golfing histories have a habit of repeating themselves. We grow a little weary of making the same kind of bad shot at the same hole on the same course for round after round. M. Coué has remarked that if we think about a particular bunker we go into it, and it is painfully true. I have myself been playing more or less every day for a fortnight on the most engaging course at Aldeburgh. Every day the wind has been blowing in the same direction. It would be an exaggeration to say that I know exactly what I am going to do with every shot, but I have at least a very strong suspicion. There is, for

example, that fascinating little fourth hole with its green in the form of a lop-sided island, not unlike the thirteenth at Worpleston. On the left-hand side of the green is a kindly mountain which prevents the ball from running too far and turns it in towards the hole. Every time I say to myself on the tee, as I take my mashie-niblick in hand, "Now, you fool, mind you play to the left." And every time I play in fact straight on the pin. Every time my opponent says, "That's a good one," and every time I reply in a weary voice, "No, it isn't; it's too strong and will run over into the bunker." And every time that is exactly what it does. When, on the other hand, I come to the next short hole, the eighth, precisely the opposite thing happens. I beg and pray myself to play straight at the hole, which is a perfectly simple thing to do, and in fact I go persistently and as straight as a homing pigeon for a monticle on the left. I invariably hook from the twelfth tee and I slice from the sixteenth. But stay—let me do myself justice. I *did* slice at the sixteenth into a particular gorse bush, but now for the last three rounds in succession I have hit a straight one right down the middle of the course. That is another good reason for stopping in time, lest I should begin to slice once more.

Then there is the most consoling fact of all, that we have all of us during this holiday discovered something or another which will make us play rather better for the rest of our lives. True, we seem dimly to remember having discovered something last year and the year before, and both those somethings have now been cast aside into that dusty corner where moulder our discarded theories. But, of course, we never did really quite believe in them. The fact was, in those other years we played well because we were in practice, and it amused us to pretend that we had made a discovery. This year it is, it must be the real thing at last, for which we have waited so patiently and hopefully. All others were spurious, this is the real revelation. For myself I have done a far, far better thing than make a discovery for myself, because I have made a discovery on behalf of somebody else. I have inoculated a friend with the germ of Mr. Beldam's theory of the flail, as to which I wrote a few weeks ago. I did it with the fire-irons one evening after dinner. The next day he went away to another course and actually tied



"WHEN THE BATTLE'S LOST AND WON."

Mlle. de la Chaume and Miss Pearson, whom she beat in the final round.

with two others for the second prize in a mixed foursome competition. He and his partner received only a beggarly stroke a hole from Bogey, and they finished all square. His share of the sweepstake was seven and six, and he assured me, with tears in his eyes, that he was my debtor for life. He had never before dreamed of such driving. The day following we played a single, and through some mischance I won at the twelfth hole by that same figure of seven and six. But let not the ribald disbelievers scoff! He returned to the assault, still "flailing" gallantly and, metaphorically, knocked my head off, and he still regards me and Mr. Beldam as his joint benefactors. It is true that

what he gained on the swings he lost on the roundabouts because, while his driving improved, his iron play temporarily ceased to exist. However, a little solitary practice is going to put that right in less than no time. Meanwhile, as I sit writing on a balcony and looking at the sea, he is stewing in his office. But nobody need pity him. His holiday is over, but he knows that he is never going to drive badly any more. I am simply glowing with unselfish happiness. I feel as virtuous as any Boy Scout who has done his one good deed a day. I have helped a "forlorn, forsaken brother"—or at least he thinks I have, which is the next best thing.

## MISTS

BY CONSTANCE HOLME.

THE clouds were already low when Dick Morphet entered the valley. They had hung a curtain over Grey Craggs, hiding the dangerous scree. They had slung another over Dame's Fell, with its slippery grassy slopes. And now, slowly but smoothly, as if they moved on enormous wheels, they were passing across to Gartha, to shut out its precipitous slabs of rock.

He regarded them placidly, however, even though he was going to climb Gartha to look at Matt Airey's sheep, and it would be a nuisance if the mists caught them in the high allotment. He was a big, hardy man, accustomed to all weathers, and a drenching on the fells would make little difference to him. In any case, things were going too well with him at the time to allow him to worry about such a trifle.

Things, indeed, generally did go well with him. He had been lucky, both in his farming and his horse-dealing, for he had a quick, shrewd mind, with a knack of jumping to the right conclusions. If he had grown a shade careless on this account, a bit too much inclined to trust to his precious "knack," it had not, at all events, made him ungenial. Not yet had it been said of Dick Morphet that, when losses came his way—and he was bound to experience them sometimes—he did not know how to cut them gracefully.

He found Airey waiting for him at his farmyard wall, and after seeing Dick's horse stabled they turned together up the fell. Behind them the grey farm dwindled and dwindled until it looked like a miniature homestead. The long walls, making a network about it and curving and climbing in all directions, were grey, too. The whole world, in fact, seemed to have grown grey, except where, under their feet, there was colour in bracken and bent and heather.

Matt Airey spoke suddenly as he climbed a little in front, his shaggy beard and lank, loose-jacketed figure in curious contrast with the other's shaven neatness and trim cords.

"Ye're for getting wed, I hear?" he said, in the rather high-pitched voice which you hear sometimes in the dales, as if generations of shouting across great distances had lifted the register a little.

Dick Morphet laughed rather self-consciously.

"Well, I'm thinking of going that way," he said shyly.

"And to Jim Atkinson's lass an' all?"

"That's so," Dick said. "The one they call Mary Ellen. . . . Not that I've asked her yet!" he added, with a touch of humour. "But I don't think I could do better."

"Couldn't do worse!" Airey said succinctly, without pausing for time or tact. "Couldn't do worse. She's a nowt!"

Dick laughed again, with the easy good temper of the man to whom life has been so kind that rough words cannot touch him.

"Come now, Matt!" he expostulated. "You're wrong there, anyhow. She's as fine a lass as steps."

"Fine to look at, I'll grant ye!" Airey said contemptuously. "Fine to talk with, and to dance with, and to play about with. But all the fineness ye'll find in her when ye're wed is that she's too fine for a bit o' work!"

"Ay, well, she'll likely do as well as most," Dick said contentedly, if hardly with the enthusiasm to be expected of a budding lover. "Anyway, I've never seen anybody I liked better."

"Ye've never seen her, neither," Airey said, "if it comes to that. Courtin'-folk never does. They might all be as blind as a lot o' new-born kitlings till they're landed safe in t'kirk!"

But with all his cynicism he could not stir the other out of his satisfaction. Dick did nothing but laugh at him. "Don't you bother about me," he told him cheerfully. "I know what I'm about! I've found my judgment pretty sound up to now," he added suddenly, with a little burst of self-praise

which was very unusual with him, "either over a horse or a woman!" and Airey, with a final grunt, dropped the subject as he opened the gate into the big allotment.

They were a good while among the sheep, and by the time they came down found the mist looped in a heavy swathe between them and the farm below. It thickened so much as they dropped into it that even Airey finally lost his bearings, and they decided to call a halt until it should choose to lift. Leaning against a boulder, they stood smoking and chatting, until presently the short, chopping sound of a horse feeding near them caught their attention. A dark shape showed itself after a while with its outlines blurred by mist, and as it warmed gradually into flesh and blood Airey uttered an exclamation.

"There's my gallowa!" he said as the animal came into being. "We can't be that far from my spot, after all!"

The horse, cropping continually further in their direction, revealed itself finally as a stout, upstanding cob, and Morphet, merely for the sake of something to do, began to bargain for it. He was always rather royal in his manner of summing up an animal and making a bid for it, but to-day he was even more regal than usual. The amount that he offered Airey, after what the latter privately considered a very casual inspection, set the dalesman staring. "Must be yon lass of his as is making him rash-like," he commented secretly. "Ay, well, it baint my place to be learning Dick Morphet his job!"

He did not jump at the offer, however, good as it was, but allowed himself the time-honoured privilege of seeming to think it over. He even haggled a little for the sake of appearances; then relented suddenly as to an old friend and clinched the bargain. The mist had lifted a little by the time they had finished their business, so, after Airey had caught the horse, they descended gropingly. Arrived at the farm, Dick was sent indoors to refresh himself before starting homewards, while the "gallowa" was taken to the stable for an attempt at a brush-up.

The mist had not only thinned but vanished by the time Dick was ready to start, so that when he came out into the yard again the valley was clear before him. Airey was saddling his riding-horse for him by way of an extra attention, and as he stood waiting for him he whistled peacefully. Glancing about him, he noticed a small mountain pony tied to the yard gate.

"What's that you've got there?" he enquired, indicating the pony as Airey approached, but asking the question more for force of habit than from actual interest.

Matt stared at him as if he could hardly believe his ears.

"Yon?" he enquired, puzzled. "Why, ye ought to know! Yon's t' gallowa' as ye bought on t' fell."

Dick Morphet said "What—!" in a sort of shout, the blood rushing to his face, and then made a violent effort and repressed himself hastily. "Nay, I didn't just recognise it for the minute, that's all," he finished quietly, climbing into his saddle, and, after bidding his host good-bye in his usual cheerful manner, was presently trotting away down the mountain road with the pony tripping behind him.

Once safely out of sight of the farm, however, he got down and had a thorough look at his new purchase. The pony was a good enough pony, it was true, but it was a pony, nevertheless, and not by any stretch of imagination could it be called a cob. He remembered the price he had paid for it, and whistled dismally. "Twas the mist did me in," he said to himself, suddenly recalling the tricks that mist will play with size. His foot was in the stirrup again when another thought struck him. "An' me bragging about my judgment of horses!" he reminded himself, grinning. . . . "And women!" he added, more thoughtfully as he took up his journey homeward.

He did not marry Mary Ellen.



# THE GLORY OF AUTUMN

AT this season of the year one of the chief ornamental features of our woodlands and the countryside in general is the many beautiful tints and delicate shades of colour so characteristic of the foliage of several of our trees and shrubs. The impression of such pictures on the mind cannot but fail to suggest to one the value of coloured foliage in the adornment of the garden after the

*C. horizontalis*, the thorns, many species of which decorate London gardens at present, the barberries, *Skimmia japonica*, with its dark evergreen foliage and bright reddish fruits, and, lastly, *Aucuba japonica*, with its variegated leaves, are among the best berried of our shrubs for decorative purposes. The sea buckthorn (*Hippophae rhamnoides*) is yet another of our berried plants which proves most effective not only on account of its

branches heavily laden with fruit in autumn, but also for the dense silver grey foliage, which is admirable as a background for many brilliant shades of colour. The thick brown woolly covering found all over the plant also adds considerably to its value in the shrubbery.

Another plant which provides us with a brilliant display in autumn is *Arbutus Unedo*, the strawberry tree, a native of Ireland and southern Europe. It is undoubtedly one of the most handsome of our shrubs, especially a few species like *manzinata*. Everyone must have noticed how, in autumn, it displays the white flowers of the current year together with the scarlet fruits of the year previous at one and the same time. One shrub deserving of special mention is the snowberry (*Symphoricarpos racemosus*). This shrubby representative from North America bears its handsome sprays of foliage bedecked with ornamental white fruits, which are retained till well on into the winter. The red berries of *berberis* blend in perfect harmony with the white fruits of the snowberry, and the result is indeed

pleasant to look upon. Visitors to the Highlands of Scotland cannot but be impressed with the stateliness and beauty of the rowan tree, which is to be found on the banks of many streams and on the lower slopes of the hills, even in out of the way glens. The rowan—perhaps better known in the south as the mountain ash (*Pyrus Aucuparia*)—does exceedingly well in the poorest of soils, provided it is not sour. There are many valuable coloured forms, and it is advisable to see that a good variety is obtained. The berries of the rowan always have a more pretty appearance and assume a much deeper scarlet colour after they have had a visit from "Johnny Frost." Rowan berries, apart from the fact that they make excellent jelly and wine, are exceedingly handsome when placed in vases. Again, other plants like our ordinary dogwood (*Cornus sanguinea*)



ONE OF THE "SAILS" OF COTONEASTER HORIZONTALIS.

summer and early autumn flowers are long since departed joys. It is only in autumn that the russets and those vague colours between red, yellow and purple are to be seen in our gardens, for leaves take on tints which are rarely seen in flowers. Such colours are seen when the late afternoon sun brings into prominence the browns and yellows and casts a mellow radiance over the whole garden. But I wish to tell of some of the autumnal beauties of a few of our commoner shrubs. Many of these assume brilliant colours during September and October, and provide an excellent show when flowers are becoming few. The maple family, especially the Japanese varieties, probably stand unequalled for sheer brilliantly tinted foliage. The birch, to my mind, always calls forth words of admiration in autumn, with its russet brown leaves showing up effectively against the silvery whiteness of the bark. Among the most promising shrubs for autumn colour is the barberry, especially some of the more recent introductions from the East, such as *Berberis Thunbergii* and *B. Wilsonae*. Other genera which should find a niche in the shrubbery to display their beautiful wares are the spiræas, pyrus and its close ally *cratægus*, *vitis*, represented by the common Virginia creeper, clothing in a mass of coppery red-brown foliage the walls of many cottages and houses throughout the country. The rhus or sumach family should also be given a prominent position in any scheme of autumn colouring in the shrubbery. The so-called smoke plant (*Rhus Cotinus*) is already well known for its magnificent red filigree web which is to be found covering the foliage. It is best grown as an isolated bush, when it shows off its individuality to distinct advantage.

When bright days come, the richness of the foliage of many of our shrubs is greatly enhanced and embellished by the showy clusters of magnificent fruits. It is an ideal shrub, which combines the beauty of both berry and leaf, as exemplified by the spindle tree, *Euonymus europæus* and its varieties. The cotoneasters, of which an excellent species is



THE TYPICAL FORM OF ACER PULMATUM, WHOSE MANY VARIETIES ARE AMONG THE MOST BEAUTIFUL FOLIAGE PLANTS IN EXISTENCE.

and many species of willow are valuable from an artistic point of view on account of their coloured stems, which take on peculiarly soft reddish and yellowish hues throughout the autumn. Other shrubs with conspicuous brown and light-brown shoots are the philadelphuses, deutzias, *Potentilla fruticosa*, *Forsythia suspensa* and some of the best honeysuckles. These, if planted in massed clumps, give charming and picturesque colour effects.

Many useful and beautiful autumn and winter flowering shrubs can be introduced with distinct advantage in any scheme, the light colourings of the flowers standing out in contrast to the coppery reds and browns of the foliage. Such shrubs should include, if possible, named varieties of *Hibiscus syriacus*. The genus *ceanothus* always makes a charming picture, either in an isolated position or more commonly against a wall. Varieties like *Gloire de Versailles*, *Perle Rose* and *Arnoldii* repaying one's efforts in full. For hardiness, beauty and floriferousness the *hydrangeas* are indeed difficult to surpass. *H. paniculata* is probably one of the best species and more hardy than the other varieties. Numerous *veronicas*, with their ready habit of easy accommodation to any soil and position making them invaluable for all general purposes in the garden, are very useful in all shrubbery borders for a late display of flowers mingled with their dense small dark green leaves.

It is oft-times wise to intermix a few evergreen shrubs or trees, such as the *pittosporums* and *Garrya elliptica*, along with those of autumnal tints. The latter is especially useful on account of its graceful catkins as well as its evergreen foliage. Thus, by the judicious planting of a few choice and select trees and shrubs one has one's true reward in all the glories of the misty autumnal evenings so characteristic of our British climate. G. C. T.

### A Handsome Tree from Western China.

THE very flourishing young tree of *Davidia involucrata* at Bayfordbury in Herts has flowered freely this year. The white involucres or bracts may be seen, in the illustration of the tree, hanging down from the top branches and also from those on the left. The detail picture of one branch shows the exact character of the inflorescence. There is a pair of bracts, one much longer than the other, roofing, as it were, a head of red-anthered stamens. At a rather later stage than the photograph shows, there projects from the ball of stamens a pistil, described by Dr. Henry as "a champagne-bottle-shaped gynæcium." The tree was found by Wilson in China, where he wondered, for a moment, why a distant hillside was covered with snow. He procured seed and sent it home to Messrs. Veitch, in whose Combe Hill nursery it flowered, if I remember right, for the first time in May, 1911. Since then

it has flowered in various places, but is still a rare tree which in only a moderate number of cases has reached size and condition to produce such a crop of bloom as Mr. Henry Baker's specimen at Bayfordbury. H. A. T.



THE ATTRACTIVE BRIGHT GREEN FOLIAGE OF *DAVIDIA INVOLUCRATA* STUDDED WITH THE VERY LARGE CREAMY WHITE FLORAL BRACTS, MAKING THE TREE AN OBJECT OF STRIKING BEAUTY.



*DAVIDIA INVOLUCRATA*, DISTINGUISHED BY ITS PYRAMIDAL OUTLINE AND ITS UPRIGHT AND ASCENDING BRANCHES.

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# CORRESPONDENCE

## ASTLEY HALL.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—May I be permitted to thank your correspondent, Mr. J. E. J. Palser, for his interesting explanation of the scratches at Astley Hall? The hypothesis which he puts forward being exceedingly probable, I thought it best to lay the correspondence before the Rev. T. C. Porteus of Coppull, Lancs, who is an authority on Astley and has published a valuable little book upon it. The owners of Astley at the time of the 1715 rebellion were the Brooke's, to whom it had descended by the marriage of Richard Brooke to the last heiress of the Charnocks in 1666. The substance

in the spring, Burkitt noticed one of his marked hen robin's behaviour towards an unwanted male in that "she acted towards him as a male would to another male, following and squaring up to him, and sang at such moments a couple of bars with wide open beak." "She was," he says, "more aggressive to this male even than her ultimate male, which was in the vicinity, was towards him." ("British Birds," Vol. XVIII.).—H. W. ROBINSON.

## A VANISHED LONDON INN.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I am sending you two photographs, taken between fifty and sixty years ago, of the

## PRINCE CHARLIE AS A FISHERMAN.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—That Simon, Lord Lovat, with whose personal appearance, at eighty, Hogarth has familiarised the polite world, has had but few to speak a good word for him. The hundred and seventeen peers (there was not a single dissident) who, at his trial for high treason, one by one stood up, uncovered, laid their right hands upon their breasts and said, "Guilty, upon my honour," said very little when compared with some other critics. All the same, there was a letter "put in" by the prosecution for which some of us may feel grateful. It was written to the Master



THE OXFORD ARMS IN WARWICK LANE NEARLY SIXTY YEARS AGO.

of the Rev. T. C. Porteus reply to me was as follows: Sir Peter Brooke, who was High Sheriff of the County Palatine of Lancaster in 1674, came to live at Astley when his son Richard married the heiress Margaret Charnock in 1666. He died before the close of the century, so could not have been the writer of the sentences. His son Richard died in 1715, shortly after the rising. Richard had a number of sons about whom we know little. The widow of the elder Richard (Margaret Charnock), however, married, secondly, John Gillibrand, and he came to live at Astley. He refused to take the oath of allegiance to King George. It was, therefore, by him or under his influence that the Jacobite sentiments were scratched on the window. Standish Hall, recently demolished, which stood fairly near Astley, was the nursery of Jacobite plots. In the chapter dealing with Standish Hall in his book, "Captain Miles Standish," the Rev. T. C. Porteus mentions the discovery of papers which prove conclusively that the plot of 1694 was a reality and not a myth, as is so often asserted. Among the papers found when the old coppice wall was taken down was a list of those who had promised to help to restore King James. This list includes Sir Peter Brooke; so both the Gillibrand and Brooke families were Jacobite in their sympathies. It does not transpire, however, that they openly acknowledged their principles by fighting for them. The above facts show fairly conclusively the source of these interesting inscriptions. Astley's historical atmosphere is considerably enriched by its Jacobite associations.—J. STANLEY LEATHERBARROW.

## THE SONG OF THE FEMALE ROBIN.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—During the months of September and part of October the robins are singing their autumn song in our gardens. I have for some years suspected the hen robin of singing, but as the sexes are alike, this is rather difficult to prove, although when there are two robins in one's garden both singing close together and evidently a pair, as they evince no signs of fighting, it goes a long way to show that they are male and female. Kirkman thought also that the female robin sang, although he could not definitely prove it, but Burkitt, by marking a number of robins with differently coloured rings, found in at least one case a female in October singing as well as any bird of that period ("British Birds," Vol. XVII). Although no full song was heard by the female

picturesque but somewhat dilapidated Oxford Arms Inn, in Warwick Lane, Newgate. This typical old City coaching hostelry has, of course, now disappeared. In the *London Gazette* of 1672, Edward Bartlet, an Oxford carrier, advertised that he dispatched from the Oxford Arms Inn, "coaches and wagons thrice weekly, and keeps a hearse to convey a corps [sic] to any part of England."—K. A.

## QUAINT THANK-OFFERINGS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Quaint thank-offerings are to be found at many of the village harvest festivals now being held. In some of the South Yorkshire villages since the coming of the collieries, coal has often figured in the thanksgiving offerings, and on one or two occasions tobacco has been included in the scheme of decorations. At the little fishing village of Banks in Lancashire, the harvest gifts include a pig, a calf, and a good supply of fish. In some of the Lincolnshire villages the agricultural produce which is the basis of the decorations is relieved by dressed dolls, toys, tea, butter, soap, sugar, currants and even jars of pickles. Nor do the thank-offerings end there. Frequently at the village ale-house a collection is taken on the Sunday night on behalf of the harvest festival funds. The real fun begins on the Monday night, when the sale of the harvest gifts takes place. In rural districts the garden produce has but little interest; but the sale of toys and household commodities adds considerably to the funds. A novel feature of some of these sales is the "surprise packet," a parcel the contents of which are known only to the maker-up. There is eager bidding for these, and great fun when they are opened. Perhaps the most confirmed bachelors will receive a baby's bottle and soother, a village gossip may chance to buy a muzzle, or a fashionably dressed woman a bar of soap.—W. S.

("My dearest Child") and informed him that Prince Charlie had said "that he would go some of these Days, and veiw (sic) my Country of the Aird, and fish Salmon upon my river of Beaulie." A postscript adds, "The Prince's Reason for going to my house is, to see a Salmon kill'd with the Rod, which he never saw before: and if proposes that Fancy, he must not be disappointed." The body of the letter seems to state that the Prince wished to kill a salmon himself, and one wonders whether in this he was "disappointed." Andrew Lang, from whom might have been expected some information on such a point, says nothing. Perhaps one of your readers, sir, can throw some light on this interesting subject.—GORDON TIDY.

## "THE PUREST OF HUMAN PLEASURES."

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Cottage gardens are one of the pleasantest sights of the countryside, and ripe old age, cheerful, frugal and kindly, is another. I send you a photograph of an old woman in her garden taken in Yorkshire, near Richmond, which I think gives a charming but not uncommon picture of both.—ELLERTON SWALL.



IN A YORKSHIRE COTTAGE GARDEN.

## PHOEBE HESSEL'S EPITAPH.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I have had a photograph of the stone since 1869, and find the inscription is the same as given by your correspondent on July 12th. The "com" is "comfort," and her age at death was 108.—FRANK RICHARDSON.

## OUR RARE MAMMALS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—After the recent correspondence in your columns about the survival of martens, the following extract from Aubrey's notes dated 1660 quoted by Waylen in his History of Marlborough may be of interest: "Upon the disafforestations (which in his time had but recently taken place) the martens were utterly destroyed in North Wilts. It is a pretty little beast, of a deep chestnut colour, a kind of polecat, less than a fox, and the fur is much esteemed, not much inferior to sables. Martial says of it, 'Venator capti marte superbus adest.' In Cranbourn Chase and at Vernditch are some martens still remaining."—C. V. GODDARD.

## A FEARFUL JOY.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Few dogs can resist barking at swans, but they appear to realise the element of danger. This one, having brought too much attention



"PLEASE, SIR, IT WASN'T ME."

to himself, is evidently pretending he is not there.—A. F. M. HUTCHINSON.

## THE REARING OF INDIAN JUNGLE FOWL IN ENGLAND.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I have been endeavouring to breed from this charming and fascinating species of bird in my garden in Hampshire, and have met with a certain amount of success. My experience is that it is best to mate a year old cockerel with hens, during the month of February for early breeding, and to choose medium-sized eggs. The eggs take eighteen or nineteen days to hatch. If the mother is to be a jungle fowl, six eggs or seven are enough for her, but if a large hen, such as a Rhode Island Red, is chosen as foster-mother, fourteen or fifteen eggs can be given to her. While the hen is sitting it is necessary to feed her only once a day, in the morning, on maize. After the first fortnight of incubation it is advisable, every other day while she is having her exercise, to sprinkle the eggs thoroughly with warm water. This enables the chicks to peck comfortably through the shell, for in a wild state, while the bird is off her nest, her breast feathers are damped from the wet herbage around, so that her eggs are moistened by them when she returns. The mother must not be taken from the nest while the eggs are cracking, but when the chicks are all hatched out the whole family should be removed into a new abode, and the hen, for a few minutes, should be lifted out and given a good hearty meal of grain. The chicks should be given their first repast, consisting of grit and water, when they are twenty-four hours old. When the chicks are three day



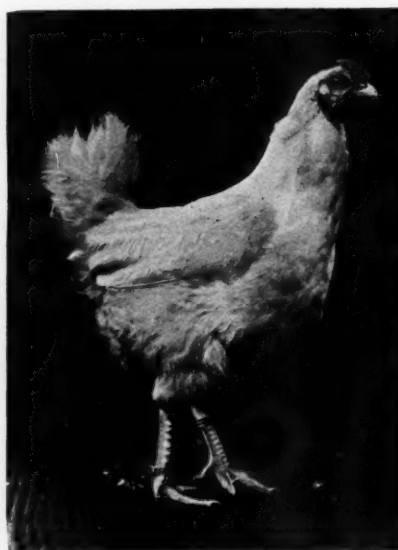
"ALL MY PRETTY CHICKENS."

old they may be allowed to leave the coop and their mother, and take their first airing on the grass. Unfortunately, I have found that as they approach the end of three weeks of a happy little existence, they are attacked suddenly by leg weakness, and this malady has reduced my totals to one half. So far, I have not been able to discover the reason of this calamity. At this stage one can distinguish the males from the females; the cockerels have in their wings several white feathers, the pullets are all a uniform tortoiseshell brown colour; also, the cockerels, as chicks, are tailless. It is a curious fact that the cockerels are much more subject to collapse in the infant stages than the pullets. This makes it very difficult to rear a good, sturdy cockerel for breeding purposes. When the chicks are brought up by a jungle hen, and if the weather is favourable, they should, at five weeks old, be allowed to roost with their mother in a thick, evergreen tree. It is very quaint and amusing to watch their determination to climb the tree, and the hen's pretty concern for their safety. When they are all at last landed at the end of a fairly high bough, the mother will spread her wings out and cover them securely, and so they go to sleep. If, however, they have a foster-mother, an ordinary domestic fowl, it is best to keep them with her in a rat-proof coop until they are old enough to fend for themselves. At this age (five weeks) they are very fond of grubs, and with the help of their mother, very adept at catching them, therefore their corn rations should be less; they are also particularly fond of young lettuce leaves. As they approach maturity, ordinary wheat is the best food for them, buried in a scratching shed of hay and leaves, which provides the exercise so necessary to keep them in good condition. The average hen lays from twenty to thirty eggs yearly, about the size of a woodpigeon's egg; if not required for hatching, they are very delicate to eat.—R. L. TAYLOR.

## A WONDERFUL EGG-LAYER.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I am enclosing a photograph which might be of interest to your readers of a White Wyandotte hen, of the utility type, that has created a wonderful egg-laying record. She commenced laying in the pullet year, and



THE RECORD-BREAKER.

during the period from August 2nd, 1923, to August 1st, 1924, laid 322 eggs, which is a record for any type of bird in the British Isles. The 322nd egg that she laid was over 20z. in weight, and she is still laying regularly every day. Mr. Arthur Levet, of the Cotswold Poultry Farm, Henley-on-Thames, the breeder and owner, has a special method of handling poultry, and for this test he specially selected eight good birds on his farm and penned them away from the others. The remaining seven birds laid well over 200 eggs during the same period. This record bird is quite a pet on the farm now, and has been named "Cotswold Champion" by its owner.—C. H.

## THE ATHLETIC SLUG.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I, too, have seen the performance of the white slug as described by Mr. Frank Vine, though I must confess that at the time I was more concerned in finishing my task of clearing the pests from the chrysanthemums than of connecting the action with any peculiarities of Nature lore.—A. RANSON COWLISHAW.

## A BADGER AT WEMBLEY.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I am sending you a photograph of a badger which has recently been caught and tamed by Mr. C. Smith, Loughborough.



THE FRIENDLY BADGER.

He has just visited Wembley, taking the badger with him, carrying it round the exhibition on his shoulders, much to the amusement and amazement of the vast crowd. In my picture Mr. Smith's daughter is nursing "brock."—J. H. WALKER.

## WHEN DID SHOOTING FLYING BEGIN?

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Can any of my fellow-readers supply an exact date for the first known examples of shooting flying? The honour as regards Derbyshire has been attributed to one William Tunstall, a Quartermaster-General of the army of Prince Charles, who was taken prisoner at Preston in 1715. But as "shooting flying" is mentioned in the *British Apollo* of 1708, the prowess of the sportsmen of Derbyshire appears to have been anticipated in other counties. In a History of Riffon of 1733 some lively verses are printed on shooting flying.

"His *Birding-piece* the wily Fowler takes  
And War upon the feather'd Nation makes.  
Whirling the Pheasant mounts, and works  
his way,  
Till Fate flies faster, and commands his  
stay."

Annexed to these verses is a print showing a fowler shooting birds on the wing, with a marvellous "*birding-piece*." The first fowling-piece was, of course, the demi-hag, or hag-but, which is named as used for fowling in 1585; the barrel was about three-quarters of a yard long, and it discharged both bullets and hail shot. Was it used for game on the wing? Grouse were usually taken by netting or by hawking till shooting flying was introduced,



according to Fosbroke, in 1725. This must be an error from the statement of the "British Apollo" of 1708. In 1727 a poem was published, entitled "Ptery-plegia," or the "Art of Shooting Flying," from which it may be assumed

that the sport was then a novelty attracting the muse of the period. There is a delightful passage in the "Athenae Oxoniensis" in which Wood tells us that Robert Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, son of the great Earl of

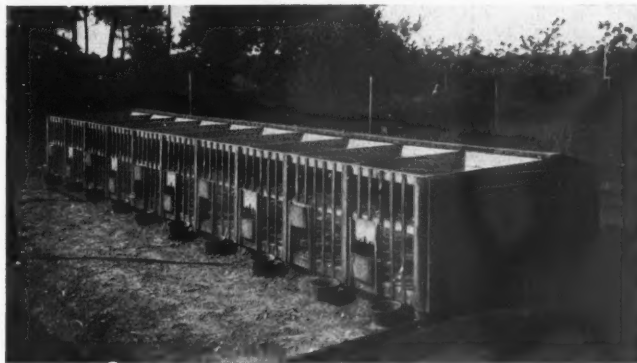
Northumberland of the Court of Queen Elizabeth, "was the first person who taught a dog to sit" in order to catch partridges. This looks as if partridges were shot flying in the seventeenth century.—G. M. GODDEN.

## THE WONDERFUL DUCK

THE duck is perhaps the most interesting as well as the most valuable recent discovery in agriculture. It seems strange to think of the duck as a discovery when it is such a very old and intimate friend of the human race. In our childhood, "D" stood for dog or duck, both things for us to laugh and wonder at, and "dog and duck" are still strangely associated for some of us in a homely, comforting way as we grow older. But, so far, we have known only the form and flavour of the duck, her quaint ways and her quack; and, for all our familiarity with her, our ignorance of her life and ways and her abilities has become very obvious since she suddenly climbed to fame. She has so much of the beautiful in her trimness and neatness and so much of the comical in her waddle and quack that she was surely made more than most creatures for our delight. There is something richly humorous in the bird which, to move forward, rolls from side to side like a ship in a rough sea, and whose voice, out of all proportion to her size, is one of the most crude and expressionless imaginable.

Yet it rarely occurs to anyone that ducks are highly sensitive and intelligent. They learn quickly and remember their lesson for a long time, and they have their full share of common-sense. Though nervous and highly strung creatures, they are remarkably responsive to kind treatment, and, as some of the illustrations show, they will become very tame. One breeder has even succeeded in getting individual ducks to come out of a pen when called.

Ducks will wander long distances during the day in search of food, and return home at the same time each evening. They remember their home so well that they have been known to return after several months on another farm. Where a number of ducks are housed in separate little sections, each will select its own section and use the same one regularly. They are very averse to change and like the same food in the same way for months together. Any variation in the attendant's clothing will cause considerable chatter and alarm and sometimes check the egg-yield—presumably, they believe that the devil they know is better than the devil they don't know, and when ducks voice their protest in unison there is no doubt about it. One duck quacking is a joke, two make a horrible noise, and any more create a perfect pandemonium. As in another sphere of nature, the male is a silent sufferer—he cannot quack; and as he has to live with five or six ducks, it may account for the fact that he is a perfect little gentleman. He will always allow the ducks to feed first and take the leavings (if any), and he will always see that his ladies go first, standing aside to allow them



A BELGIAN DUCK-TRAP.

to enter the house, and following in when he has seen the last one safely home. If you chase the flock, or a stranger appears, the drakes will bring up the rear and hiss defiance in a most terrifying manner.

Ducks make great watchdogs (like their relatives the Capitoline geese), and though they appear to have no ears, they have a pair of the sharpest on the farm. Any strange sight or sound will cause them to give the alarm, and I have more than once dragged myself from bed in the early hours to tramp across to

the duck pens and find that whatever had caused the disturbance was, to say the least, very remote. I sometimes think, especially after one of these pre-matutinal excursions, that that is why we call a lying rumour a "canard": but of course it would not do to say so.

There are few things so highly comical as the independent and preoccupied air of young ducklings on a worm hunt. Even when a few days old they trot off "in extended order" across the field, quite regardless of the anxious concern of the foster-mother hen, and they will, of course, rush into the first water they come across. It is surprising how easily they drown if they have the least trouble in getting out of the water.

Young ducks grow amazingly, and this is a strong point in their favour with the farmer. If the pig can beat the submarine so can the duck—and on its own "ground" too. You can see ducklings "swelling visibly" from hatching until ten weeks old, when, if they have been well cared for, they will look like fully grown ducks, although they do not reach maturity until some four months later. After about ten weeks the duckling loses value for table, since it loses fat and weight and becomes very difficult to pluck on account of the growth of the adult feathers. English farm-fed ducklings have no strong or fishy taste, as is often supposed, though imported ducks are sometimes objectionable in this respect because they are fed on fish and fish offal.

It will come as a surprise to many to learn that ducks far surpass hens as egg producers, and it is only within recent years that the discovery came to the farmer and the poultry industry. Individual breeders who had obtained extraordinary results from their ducks induced the organisers of the National Laying Tests to include a section for ducks, and the result was so astonishing that the section has been continued and enlarged each year. The present duck test, the fourth, contains over five hundred ducks, and a further duck laying test, which is also designed to test the value of ducks in an orchard, is being conducted by the South-Eastern Agricultural College at Wye.



FAMILIAR FRIENDS.



FEEDING-TIME.

At the laying tests each duck is housed for the night in a bedchamber of her own, and as she obligingly lays her egg before breakfast she is released soon afterwards and her day's contribution is recorded. At the National Laying Test, Bentley, conducted by the L. and N.E. Railway in conjunction with the Utility Duck Club, a duck recently completed the remarkable sequence of 210 eggs in 210 days, and another duck laid 302 eggs in the forty-eight weeks of the test. The average number of eggs laid by each duck was 199.22 as against an average of 174.23 for each hen.

It is interesting to note that the duck not only beats the hen for quantity but also for quality. Ducks' eggs are, on the average, 20 per cent. heavier than hens' eggs, and the extra weight is all the more valuable since it consists of food and not shell—the duck egg contains a higher percentage of fat and protein and a lower percentage of shell and water than the hen egg. On modern duck farms the objectionable taste which was the one drawback to duck eggs has been entirely eliminated by improved methods of feeding and management. Duck eggs are, in the main, a home production. The few which are imported come chiefly from the Zuider Zee, where the ducks are fed almost entirely on fish—hence the flavour.

The tale of eggs does not by any means exhaust the wonders of the duck as a useful member of the community. Being very



READY FOR MARKET.

hardy and "unspoilt," she requires less housing and suffers less from diseases than the hen; she is of great value to orchards, since she manures the ground very effectively and gobbles up myriads of insect pests; and, as if wonders should never cease, she is perfectly happy—thriving and laying well—without swimming water. Many thousands of ducks are kept on grass with only drinking water or, at most, a small bath available.

G. C. HESELTINE.

## AGRICULTURAL NOTES

### PEDIGREE JERSEY PRICES AT WEYBEARDS.

**A**N excellent company of breeders assembled at Weybeards on September 18th, when some good prices were realised for the pedigree Jerseys of Mr. W. R. Roberts. The Weybeards Herd was started by Mr. Roberts in 1919, and has been added to from time to time by purchases at the various leading sales as well as from the island. Many breeders will remember the purchase of that beautiful cow, Noble Fern Maracas, first over Jersey and first at the Royal Show, at the late Mr. J. Carson's dispersal sale for 875 guineas, a record price for this country. The celebrated bull, General Cowslip, was also secured at a high price from the Island of Jersey, and has been used in the herd ever since. Some remarkably fine cows were sold, but there was a lack of two year old heifers, due to the fact that in 1922 a very large proportion of bull calves were born at Weybeards; the young heifers were of good breeding, but they were all either unserved yearlings or not calving until next April and May. The bulls were of excellent quality and met with a ready sale.

The highest price was made by Lady Memento, this wonderful show cow being sold to Mr. Pierpont Morgan for 215 guineas. The same buyer also secured a bargain in My Pets Katie at 86 guineas. It is expected that both these cows will be seen again at this year's Dairy Show. Mr. R. W. Carson bought Masterman's Golden Cidonia for 105 guineas; this great butter cow gave over 1,000 lb. of butter before she was four years old and is now producing better than ever.

The highest priced bull was Cowslip's You'll Do, sold for 57 guineas to Gen. Longbourne, in whose herd he should make a name for himself.

13 cows and heifers averaged .. ..	£76 11 4
8 served heifers averaged .. ..	31 7 4
7 unserved heifers (4 under twelve months old) averaged .. ..	23 8 0
7 bulls (2 being calves) averaged .. ..	36 12 0

35 head averaging £47 12 2

### A GREAT SHEEP SALE AT PERTH.

The annual sale of Blackface rams and ram lambs last week produced good prices all round, but one that can properly be described as sensational. He was a shearing and made the very large figure of £670. Bidding started at £100 and went up very quickly till Mr. Cowan was declared the purchaser. The prices of the consignment scarcely require comment; the second went to Mr. Burton of Auchtertyre for £100, and the third to Mr. McLaren of Sheilbrae for £300 and the fifth to Mr. McMillan, Glencrosh, at £180. Then followed some small prices varied by an £85 and a £100. The average was £83 1s. 3d., which is £35 15s. 10d. above that of last year.

### A POULTRY KEEPER'S PROBLEM AND THE SOLUTION.

One of the problems facing poultry keepers at this season is the question of how to keep the old hens laying until the pullets get into full swing, and how to prevent the pullets which started early going into a partial moult before Christmas. At present, in most pens, moulting among the old hens starts about the end of August or early in September and there is a marked scarcity of eggs until they return to lay near Christmas. Even then, early pullets often fall into

a partial moult and drop off the laying strength. If we could so control the moult as to delay the process with the older hens until the end of November, and prevent the early pullets from moulting at all in their first twelve months, poultry keeping would become a much more profitable venture. That such a thing is not impossible, recent experiments by the writer have tended to prove. Working on the principle that "what makes feathers will make eggs," and remembering the proved fact that the good layer is always the one which digests its food most rapidly, the dietary was rearranged at the beginning of August. Even at the risk of making hens too fat, a larger proportion of fat-forming foods was added to the diet. Middlings still formed the bulk of the mash, but for each 4 lb. of these there were 2 lb. of bran, 1½ lb. each of Sussex ground oats and maize meal, and 1 lb. of meat meal, varied occasionally by fish meal or bone meal. That diet, it was found, provided ample reserves of fat. To aid digestion—quick digestion being essential to ensure these reserves of fat being utilised in making eggs, instead of the production of new feathers which would force the old ones out and so begin the moulting process—½ lb. of dried yeast was added to the mash and a trough of powdered charcoal kept always in front of the fowls. To further prevent the fats supplied in such a diet being wrongly used, the hens were made to exercise. New litter was laid down at the beginning of August instead of waiting for autumn, and the grain, which included a larger proportion of maize, was well buried in this, while the green foods were so fixed that a slight jump was necessary to reach them. The results were highly satisfactory. In previous years pullets which began to lay about Bank Holiday had fallen into a moult by the middle of December and were off the laying strength some weeks when eggs were scarce. Last year, when the experiment was first tried, none of the pullets moulted even partially until after it was twelve months old. Two year old hens which usually had had to be cleared off early in August because they showed signs of falling into the moult, were kept laying until into October, and the year old hens carried on even longer. This year the results seem likely to be equally satisfactory. At the end of August there was no sign of moulting in the older hens; they look like carrying on until Christmas or after. The egg basket continues to be well filled, and one is beginning to think that one has really solved the problem of retarding the moulting process so as to get every possible egg out of the two years olds before they are disposed of, while ensuring also that the year olds shall not cease to lay until all the pullets are in full swing.

W. S.

### THE FUTURE OF PIG BREEDING.

The commonsense of farmers has evidently told them that the setback in pig breeding this year is only a part of the depression that has fallen upon agriculture. It is no fault of the pig as a farmer's animal, witness the fact that the census of pigs shows the total for the time as exceeding three million, being in exact figures, 3,227,100. Put otherwise, it is 615,500 or 23·6 per cent. better than 1923, and nearly a million higher as compared with the figures of 1922. The figures mean that the British farmer has made up his mind that pig breeding and pig feeding are paying branches of his craft in ordinary circumstances. In Denmark, the pressure has been felt as much as in this country, and the number of pigs killed weekly in Denmark has fallen 15 or 20 per cent. since the beginning of the year, the cause being the low prices obtainable at the factory.



## SHOOTING NOTES

BY MAX BAKER.

## SHOOTING DEPORTMENT.

**L**ANCASTER'S *Art of Shooting* is a book which genuinely fulfils its title, hence we must extend hearty welcome to the eighth edition, which has just made its appearance. Looking through its familiar illustrations, I find, as strong as ever, the old feeling of amazement that man, gun and bird have been got into a single picture, without offence to scale and perspective, probably stronger because of late years I have personally struggled with the task of getting into the "finder" these or similar essential objects. That every illustration should adequately convey its moral is a tribute to the care taken both in photography and in building up therefrom the sketched group. The dangerous gun handler curdles our blood, the clumsy marksman is just like someone we have seen, while those offered as a model for imitation are as we hope we do it ourselves. I remember discussing the singular aptness of these illustrations with the original author of the book, the late Mr. Henry A. A. Thorn, and he told me that in railway carriages and elsewhere he dotted down the situations which a retentive memory and wide shooting experience had enabled him to garner. After that pure experiment was necessary in order to build up an adequate illustration. That he succeeded so well and so often has been of benefit to more than one generation of sportsmen. As a critic of deportment he stands alone among authors, having reduced to rule the poise which ensures (1) firm balance, (2) capacity to take up the recoil and (3) such a body position as will ensure maximum elasticity of joints over the ordained radius of gun swing. The book remains equally practical and its text now quite up to date. For this last we have to thank the present head of the Lancaster firm, Mr. Alan Thorn, who, to judge by his preface and the revisions which he has made, is a worthy successor to his talented father. That I have no material criticisms to offer perhaps damages the convincing value of this review, but it is a very good book and one that equally repays careful reading and casual glances. One point upon which I am not certain is whether the author is right in depicting the overhead shot as being taken with locked knees. Myself I have often shot birds which have passed behind me to the extent of about 30 degrees beyond the vertical, but always with the help of much-bent knees, so much so in fact that the moment the shot at extreme angle has been fired a jump is necessary to recover the balance. At an age when the back has stiffened the knee bend gives considerable assistance. In search of evidence one has to beware of photographs. For instance, I remember being shown by the proud subject of one of our long-ago illustrations his veritable self taking a high shot overhead; but after scrutinising it for a time I advanced the opinion that it was a posed picture and had not been taken in the course of sport. The impeachment was admitted but not without amazement at the deception being apparent. Yet the gun was pointed upwards from a very stiff body, as straight as a pillar—conditions quite unnatural when recoil is expected.

## A PARTRIDGE CONUNDRUM.

A correspondent writes to ask from whom English partridges can be obtained for the purpose of despatch to America, where a landowner wishes to experiment in building up a stock. Just what method is available for meeting this very legitimate desire is not apparent, since the more responsible among our game farmers have passed a self-denying ordinance in regard to both grouse and partridges. Years ago there was a great furore on the subject, whence emerged the dictum that neither partridges nor their eggs when available for purchase could have been honestly come by. Whether the same is true to-day is not so certain; for example, one of our game reports mentions the turning down of English partridges to increase the stock; further, one hears of farmers who, having purchased their holdings, find greater profit in selling both eggs and birds than in letting their shooting rights. Under the Euston system partridge eggs are systematically collected and incubated under hens, to be distributed near the chipping stage among the chosen nests. Likewise, every careful keeper gathers eggs from undesirable places and adds them to clutches more safely located. Dishonesty inferentially commences when eggs or birds of home origin are marketed, the inference being that the moment demand begins or is catered for the situation soon arises that a man is buying supplies poached from members of his own class or even in extreme cases from himself. The rules which have been laid down appear mildly inconsistent with the fact that many indubitable

owners of a prized commodity are legally entitled to do what they will with their own, though no recognised purveyor may traffic in the same. The present anomalous situation may easily promote the very evil which everybody is desirous of checking.

## ARE PLUS-FOURS DOOMED?

There is something blatantly un-English in any male costume which ostentatiously strives for effect. That the garment whose name dedicates it to golf does so there can be no question—certainly not since its accompanying stockings possessed themselves of tassels. Now that the reach-me-down tailor has mastered the intricacies of a nether garment which hangs equally back and front, estimable persons of the "lad" type use it as a parade costume for their holidays; and to be fair one must admit that they are very beautiful, being garnished with just that rakish touch which sporting suggestion alone can impart. In my opinion the shooting man did wrong to allow himself to be swept into the maelstrom of golfing fashion. A pastime conducted on velvet turf, having steps and planks to negotiate obstacles, permits a licence hardly appropriate in a sport which intimately knows brambles and barbed wire fencing. The acme of West-end skill is to produce a pleasing result without visible striving, the well dressed man being singularly free of gadgets, his supple figure revealed by flowing lines rather than close modelling. Scientifically speaking, the knee must be accorded free movement, any semblance of riding breeches tightness hampering the surmounting of obstacles—whether fences, rocks or mere vegetation, herbaceous or woody. The conditions predicate a knickerbocker garment, but the design should not dwarf the understandings, nor need it involve sack-like appendages destined to shock posterity. Tailor-artists, now that the multitude has followed them in their flight into the realms of absurdity, must come back to earth and revert to methods in their essence practical and by outward suggestion modest.

## A PROBLEM IN WILD DUCK REARING.

Following my reference of a few weeks ago to the delights of keeping ornamental wildfowl on any pond or pool which is part of a landscape gardening scheme, I happened to come upon a particularly pleasing example at Canon-Frome Court on the occasion of my visit to Colonel Hopton's rifle range. The



ORNAMENTAL WATER AT CANON-FFROME.

photograph supplies an impressionist effect rather than a view of its salient features. Its principal denizens are black swans and Muscovy ducks. There is also a solitary coot, sundry moorhens and a brood or two of mallard. These last apparently do not do well. Wild eggs are gathered in the usual way and, after incubation under hens, the chicks are turned out on the water; but from that time on the number dwindles without sickness or other patent cause. The lake is periodically replenished by damming the river, therefore does not lie in its course, thus excluding the explanation of pike. Herons, whose reputation in regard to the duck tribe is daily growing less savoury, are naturally around; vermin likewise cannot be excluded from the list of possibles, but the certain cause has not been diagnosed. There are three islands of nice size, but they rise rather too sheer out of the water and are moreover densely thicketed with a rank growth of bushes and weeds. As a consequence, basking in the sun mainly takes place on the lawn slope, where the ducklings are of necessity exposed to the attacks of wandering cats and other hunters of the mainland.

# NOTES ON RECENT RACING

## TOM PINCH AS A SMART HANDICAPPER.

WHAT follows on Doncaster is pretty much like what takes place after the other big fixtures of the racing season. Invariably there is an anti-climax to the Derby meeting at Epsom, Ascot, Goodwood and Doncaster. Yet one or two events of a week or more ago might well be made the subject of some useful observations now. There was, for instance, the interesting reappearance of the much discussed colt Tom Pinch. For the first time in his very chequered career he took part in a handicap—the Lingfield Autumn Handicap—and he won it in such style as to suggest that handicappers will have something to do in future to take good care of him.

Top weight in this handicap of a mile was Pondoland, who in the course of his career has been exploited over all sorts of distances and courses. He was set to concede 10lb. to Lord Woolavington's three year old. We had the old Cambridgeshire winner, Re-Echo, at only 3lb. less than Pondoland, but the very useful four year old Karl was receiving 6lb. from Tom Pinch. The others in the field were not of much account, though the big colt had to give each of them plenty of weight. Pondoland and Karl shared favouritism at 3/4 to 1. Tom Pinch was so much admired in the paddock that he doubtless numbered among his supporters some folk who vowed after the way he let them down at Epsom and subsequently that they would never back him again. It was just a one-horse race, the "one horse" being Tom Pinch, who probably made the whole of the running to win in a canter by three lengths from two of the unconsidered ones, while the joint favourites were well out of it.

I mention this race in some detail because it was a bit of a surprise to many people to see the colt do something towards reinstating himself. I may not be wrong in suggesting that his trainer, Fred Darling, had been inclined to despair of him, whereas quite early in the year he did honestly believe he had got the winner of the Derby in his stable. This was his seventh race of the season and his second win. It will be recalled how he was tremendously expected to win the Craven Stakes at Newmarket on the occasion of his *début* in the early spring and how St. Germans beat him. It was confidently said he would do better for the Two Thousand Guineas, but, though favourite again, he swerved less than a hundred yards from home and Diophon, Bright Knight and Green Fire finished in front of him. Then the Derby was to pay for all. It was his backers who had to pay again, and it was then that faith in him dried up to vanishing point. It is often the way that just as patience has been exhausted the "villain" repents.

Probably it was why a fortnight after the Derby he came to Ascot to win the first race of his life. He won the St. James's Palace Stakes, and Salmon Trout, the winner of the last of the classic races, could get no nearer than fourth. He failed again later in the week at Ascot, and when generally trusted again, this time at Goodwood, he could not oblige. This race at Lingfield Park, which he won in such style, was his next venture in public. Altogether he is a very complex character, but may yet be a first-class miler. His fine physique is undeniable except that he has not ideally shaped forelegs. However, they do their part all right in getting him over the ground faster than the vast majority of other horses. He admittedly wanted plenty of time to mature to his big frame, and now, reaching the close of his three year old days, he would seem to be just coming to his best. It will be understood, therefore, that he made quite a big impression on the occasion of his exploit under handicap conditions.

Two prominent horses with engagements in the Cesarewitch were in opposition on the same afternoon at Lingfield Park. They were Keror and Ceylonese, and with three others of no account they took part in an event rather vain-gloriously styled a Cesarewitch Trial Plate, the distance of which was a mile and seven furlongs as compared with the two miles and a quarter of the Cesarewitch proper, run, moreover, on a vastly different course. Keror is the French-bred horse which was bought for Lord Woolavington with a view to winning some of the long distance races in this country. One recalls how at Ascot he was second for both the Stakes and the Alexandra Stakes.

Actually until this event at Lingfield he had only won a small apprentices' race in this country, and that when the conditions of the race virtually made it a gift for him. In the Cesarewitch he is weighted at 8st. 12lb. as against the 8st. 4lb. of Ceylonese, a difference of 8lb. At Lingfield Park the conditions were such that Keror had to concede 10lb. In the circumstances it was scarcely surprising that the other one was preferred in some very close wagering between the two. I need not describe the race at this late time of day, except to say that Keror fairly beat his rival, and on the running Sir Abe Bailey's horse will not win the Cesarewitch, for which he has been third for the last two years running. This suggestion will, I have no doubt, be disconcerting to many who have interested themselves in making Ceylonese until just recently nominal favourite for the long distance handicap. Meanwhile he is unquestionably deposited from that position which flattered him.

Quite recently I wrote at some length in COUNTRY LIFE on Mr. Walter Raphael's very interesting stud at Shenley, not many miles north of London. In the short interval he has managed to win still another Derby with one of his horses bred and reared there. Tagalie, bred there, won the Derby; Waygood a year ago won him the Irish Derby; and last week Henri won him the Scottish Derby. I am not quite sure of the exact status of Henri, but that is something more than what is called "useful" and probably on the up grade is fairly certain. Never having won a race he was entitled to some allowance, and, of course, missed any penalty for this Scottish Derby. Henri was receiving a big lump of weight from Crewe—who had won at Doncaster—and Roysterer, but so easily did he win that I fancy he could have beaten those horses on level terms. He had shown promise earlier in the year, and was bound to be returned a good winner before long.

Mr. Raphael wisely decided on going for this race in which the task appeared to be a light one. The colt is a bay by Harry of Hereford from Louvence, one of the Shenley Stud mares. Harry of Hereford was a full brother to Swynford, and got some winners before being sold by Lord Derby to France, where he is now located. Louvence is by Santoi from that very successful matron, St. Louvaine. I do not know that there is any other owner who can claim to having won the English, Irish and Scottish Derbys. Major Giles Loder, of course, has taken the first two, and only last week his colt Zodiac, who had dead-heated for the Irish Derby, was able to win the Irish St. Leger. Zodiac had run for the St. Leger at Doncaster, as also had Lord Glanely's Cape Horn, but the latter's chance appears to have been the more esteemed. When one recalls how cleverly Cape Horn beat Santorb at York and later won the Breeders' St. Leger at Derby, one can only conclude that he had been going off prior to the Doncaster race, and that in consequence he could not have been at his best in Ireland.

Two important young sires have just had their first winners credited to them—Buchan and Galloper Light. Buchan's first winner was the more notable. The reference is to Bucellas, to whose Champagne Stakes' success I alluded a week ago. Last week at Ayr Galloper Light was credited with his first winning progeny. In this case it was Lord Rosebery's Swastika, a brown filly from Prue, by Cicero. Swastika beat a poor opposition for the West of Scotland Foal Stakes, but the chief thing is that her sire has now made a start. Both sires are by Sunstar, and as some impatient folk had already begun to prophesy their non-success at the stud, the wins of Bucellas and Swastika were salutary enough. They will both probably proceed to make big names for themselves. All the yearlings by Buchan sold at Doncaster made a favourable impression, and for the most part they have more size than one would have expected. What buyers thought is best indicated by the fact that the eight Buchan yearlings made a total of £20,940, showing the very fine average for a young sire of £2,617.

We are fast returning to more important racing. This week-end at Newbury the race for the Autumn Cup of two miles and a furlong is due. Next week there will be the four-day First October Meeting at Newmarket. Some fancied horses for the Cesarewitch are in the Newbury Cup race, the winning of which, however, will impose a penalty. Cockpit, who ran creditably for the Doncaster Cup, is in at 7st. 4lb., but my idea of what is likely to win favours two penalty carriers, both very easy winners at Doncaster. One is Daimyo, the fluent winner of the Great Yorkshire Handicap. This is a good staying three year old with only 6st. 11lb., inclusive of a 7lb. penalty. The other is Diapason, whose weight, inclusive of a 5lb. penalty, is 6st. 12lb. If good jockeys can be obtained for them, they will certainly play prominent parts. In the same stable as Daimyo but in different ownership is Leonardo, who is likely to win one of the long distance handicaps this autumn because of the way he really made Teresina gallop to win the Goodwood Cup.

The Jockey Club Stakes is fixed for Thursday next, and it is difficult to form any adequate idea as to how the field will be constituted. There are so many doubts about various well known horses. For instance, Sansovino is in the race, and I should say he is likely to run and might be better than he was at Doncaster. He would, of course, need to be to have a decent chance, as, naturally, the Derby winner is substantially penalised. There is some question of starting Papyrus, though I doubt whether he gets a mile and three-quarters. In the circumstances he might be reserved for the Champion Stakes, which comes a fortnight later. I suppose much will depend on what may go to the post.

Lord Astor has in Bright Knight and St. Germans, in addition to Black Sheep. I should say Leonardo is a probable runner, if only because he is one that will get the distance well. I do not forget how well Sanctum ran in this race prior to taking the Cesarewitch in very easy fashion a fortnight later. What a good thing he was for the big handicap! Obliterate, Polyphontes, Teresina, Chosroes, Twelve Pointer and Tom Pinch are other interesting horses that were entered. PHILIPPOS.